

THE
MARTIN BOX
1915

Purchased at an auction, and presented
to Martin College by Jimmy May of Ardmore,
Tennessee. (12/1/80)

Lucile Lloyd 11/1/80

"Martin Lloyd"
Pulaski, Tennessee

Some Comparative Data

Below we give some facts and figures, by way of comparison, which no doubt will prove interesting reading:

	1907	1908	1914
Enrollment	78	153	213
Boarding Students	22	44	105
Total Income (board and tuition)		\$ 11,000	\$ 28,000
Amount Expended in Pulaski		\$16,000	\$33,000
Faculty		10	18
Music Teachers		2	4
Pianos		11	20
Typewriters		1	4
Adding Machines		0	1
Duplicators		0	1
Filing System		0	Complete
Dictaphones		0	2
Office Equipment		\$50	\$1,000
Domestic Science Department		0	*\$250
Equipment for Physics and Chemistry		\$125	\$750
Endowment		\$30,000	\$30,000
Buildings and Grounds		\$40,000	\$90,000
Classification	Unclassified Junior College		
Kitchen and Dining-room Equipment		\$300	\$1,000
Servants		6	13
Faculty Pay-roll		\$5,400	\$12,890.25
Teachers with Degrees		4	**10
Y. W. C. A. Membership		0	73

*Equipment.

**1915-1916.

A Prayer

When God's in his wonderful heaven,
And earth's all full of the spring,
And over the hills and the valleys,
The birds have begun to sing;
Why, from my heart I ask it,
Is there pain in anything?
Oh! could we but see through our blindness,
Oh! could we but understand
That thou, Lord, in thy wonderful kindness,
Art guiding us with thy hand!

M. J. H.



M. Pasodale
1915

Senior Class

COLORS: Orange and Black.

FLOWER: Lily.

MOTTO: "Par Epreuves a Triomphe."

Officers

LOUISE HARVILL	President
LIZZIE WILSON	Vice President
BESSIE LEE KEATHLY	Secretary and Treasurer
MARY CLARKE JONES	Poet
ANNE ABERNATHY	Prophet
ANNIE RUTH LEE	Historian
MRS. CORNELIA C. CANNON	Sponsor

Class Roll

ANNE ABERNATHY	ANNALEE KELLUM
BEATRICE GALLAHER	ANNIE RUTH LEE
WILMA GARRETT	ANNA BELLE McMILLION
BONA GATLIN	MARGARET RAGSDALE
LOUISE HARVILL	RUBY RANDOLPH
LUCILE HERIGES	SINA RUSSELL
EDITH HOOPER	PAULINE SHEARIN
LYNETTE JONES	BESSIE SISK
MARY CLARKE JONES	SAMMIE SMITH
BESSIE LEE KEATHLY	MARGARET WALLACE
	LIZZIE WILSON



ANNE ABERNATHY
(*English*)
PULASKI, TENN.



MAGGIE MAUD COX
(*Post Graduate in Voice*)
PULASKI, TENN.



BEATRICE GALLAHER
(*Full Literary Course*)
LAWRENCEBURG, TENN.



WILMA GARRETT
(*English*)
PULASKI, TENN.

BONA GATLIN
(*English*)
BETHEL, TENN.

LUCILE HERIGES
(*Full Literary Course*)
JOHNSONVILLE, TENN.



LOUISE HARVILL

(Piano, English)

NASHVILLE, TENN.



EDITH HOOPER

(Full Literary Course, Piano)

WAVERLY, TENN.



LYNETTE JONES

(Full Literary Course)

PULASKI, TENN.



MARY CLARKE JONES
(Piano, English)
COLUMBIA, TENN.

BESSIE LEE KEATHLY
(English)
MONTEREY, TENN.

ANNA LEE KELLUM
(English)
WHITES CREEK, TENN.



ANNIE RUTH LEE
(*Full Literary Course*)
PULASKI, TENN.



ANNA BELLE McMILLION
(*English and German*)
PULASKI, TENN.



RUBY RANDOLPH
(*English and Latin*)
BETHEL, TENN.



MARGARET RAGSDALE
(*English*)
NASHVILLE, TENN.



SINA RUSSELL
(*English*)
CARTERS CREEK, TENN.



PAULINE SHEARIN
(*Full Literary Course*)
FAYETTEVILLE, TENN.



BESSIE SISK
(*Post Graduate*)
PULASKI, TENN.



SAMMIE SMITH
(*English and History*)
PULASKI, TENN.



MARGARET WALLACE
(*English and German*)
PULASKI, TENN.



LIZZIE WILSON
(*Full Literary Course*)
BOON'S HILL, TENN.

CORNELIA C. CANNON
(*Sponsor*)
PULASKI, TENN.



Senior Poem



We've spent sad days and glad days,
As is natural for all to do;
But the saddest yet, old Martin,
When we say "Goodbye" to you.

Our lives can't be all sunshine,
With nothing but clear blue skies,
And we realize this more fully
As we leave with tear-dimmed eyes.

When we drift far out into the world,
We will take back things we've said,
About how awful the work was
And exams. we much did dread.

As we read our college annuals
And turn their pages white,
There'll come to our hearts an earnest wish
To be at Martin "just for tonight."

As we turn those snowy pages,
And see our schoolmates dear,
We will long so much to see them
And wish that we were near.

Of course History was hard,
Senior English would rack your mind,
And in all our recitations,
We could surely some fault find.

But after all we enjoyed it,
Every day of the whole long year,
And much we all realize our gain,
In the things that we hold dear.

Both work and play are over,
We leave this hall of fame,
And we hope to leave at Martin
Something worth while—a name!

As we go out midst others,
Our greatest aim rings true:
"Give to the world the best you have,
And the best will come back to you."


All you wish, we wish you, Martin,
And much more than just that, too!
Remember, we will always love you,
So now, goodbye to you!

M. C. JONES.

Senior History



SPRING (Freshman)

S the season rolls on in ceaseless succession, Spring, with her changeable skies, sends forth the first shoots. The soft, bright grass and the buds expand under the gentle influence of the sun's rays; so we, in the fall of 1911, entered Martin College, Fresh, verdant, disclosing but the merest suggestion of our latent talents, we entered upon our first year's work with the bliss born of ignorance, and powerful because of it. Our "original" Cæsar translation threw our teacher into ecstasies of admiration—she always declared she received new light on many of the old passages that year. This class is a wonderful one to chronicle and if, in future years, my name should become famous, it would not be due to my feeble effort, but to the wonderful subject matter in hand. In this history I shall mention first the eight who have been with us through many years of trials and tribulations: Mary Clarke Jones, Wilman Garrett, Lizzie Wilson, Anne Abernathy, Ruby Randolph, Bessie Sisk, and Annie Ruth Lee. Now these noteworthy creatures have climbed to heights that few ever reach.

September 21, the new girls were made acquainted with grits at the breakfast table.

November 6, Mr. Wynn bought his first pair of tan shoes, with which he was so well pleased that he has continued to purchase them at regular intervals ever since.

Thus we went on through our Freshman year, and, by the help of Sophomores, Juniors and Seniors, its vivid hues became more subdued and acquired the fuller bloom of summer.

SUMMER (Sophomores)

When the first warm breezes blow, the verdure of spring takes on the warmer hues of summer. The flowers unfold and the skies are bluer. Our work this year was harder and the pleasures fewer and further between. Now it was the "originals" in Geometry that were as a stumbling block in our pathway, and no one can say that our demonstrations thereof were not

the newest discoveries of the age. This year marks an era in our history, for then it was we had the honor of adding Bona Gatlin, Edith Hooper, Lynette Jones, Anna Bell McMillion, and Margarette Ragsdale to our class. You might call this "Duke's Mixture," but they have stood the test of time. There also came Leah Horn, Anita Nunn, and Janie Bell Pitts, three rich, rare and racy additions who, however, remained only for one year.

January 10, we had a dance on the fourth floor. Mr. Wynn was not invited, but present, and we did not dance long, as he is rather sensitive about dancing.

January 11, we made a visit to the office, and as our feet were sore from dancing (?) we did not leave the campus to go anywhere for two weeks. We felt that leaders of this dance might lead dances but they could not lead our class to them, so we dispensed with their personalities at the end of the Sophomore class.

March 16, Mrs. Cannon entertained us in her rooms. And so, an example to the under classmen, the season passes on to the gorgeous autumn.

AUTUMN (Juniors)

Autumn, with all its brilliant foliage and fruit, ushers in the harvest. So we, as Juniors, began to reap the results of our first labors. As autumn's yellow glow tinges all things with warmth, so our genial comradeship shed a glow over the toil of the year, even sending its rays into the other three classes. At this time our class was greatly enriched by the coming of Bessie Lee Keathly, Sina Russell, and Louise Harvill.

Since we now held the important position of Junior Class, we felt it incumbent upon us to do something to distinguish ourselves, so we gave the Seniors a reception, March 12, and it will long be remembered as the most successful one on record.

But at the close of the year our hearts were very much saddened by the loss of several of our most valuable members. Esther Nichols and Esther Mullins, having acquired a sufficient amount of knowledge, "Quituated." Lillian Johnson, Mildred Ralston, Myrtle Allen, and Adelaide Sevier changed their "Occupation."

The leaves scatter and fall, the snows descend, and all gather around the crackling flames, and so we enter into the Senior year.

WINTER (Seniors)

As winter's cold and snow without drives all to the shelter of home and hearth, so we Seniors, looking ahead and dreading the cold and loneliness of the outside, unsheltered by our Alma Mater, have drawn close together

to enjoy our last days. Pauline Shearin, Beatrice Gallaher, and Annalee Kellum have been with us just this one year, but they are so essential to the class, we often wonder how we *ever* managed to do without them.

As this class of girls is destined to become famous, I will now give you the key to their historical origin.

Lizzie Wilson was born in 1896, at Boone's Hill, probably named for Daniel Boone. But if that great pioneer ever did really come there, he turned feather when he saw the size of the place and wandered across the border of Kentucky, where he would be undisturbed by the noise and confusion of the great city.

Edith Hooper and Pauline Shearin, born in the year of our Lord 1896, are both products of the rural districts. They are two girls of which any country or town might well be proud.

The Hermitage will always be remembered, for not only was it there that Andrew Jackson breathed his last in 1865, but it was also near there that Mary Clarke Jones was born in 1897.

Lynette Jones was born in Pulaski, in the year of our Lord —, and from that time to this she has been a finished heart smasher, with her bewitching smiles and coquettish curls.

Anne Abernathy was born in 1897, in Pulaski, and in the heart-smashing business is second only to Lynette.

Beatrice Gallaher was either blown in on a flake of dust or bounded from a rock into the city of Waynesboro.

Louise Harvill was born in 1897, in Nashville, the Southern metropolis.

Bessie Lee Keathly was born in Doyle, a place very little known, except as the birthplace of the famous Miss Keathly.

In 1897, Wilma Garrett was born at Bryant's Station, a respectable water tank on the railroad, in Marshall County.

Bessie Sisk was born at Bunker Hill, the enterprising city for which the Bunker Hill Monument was named.

Anna Belle McMillion and Margarette Wallace were born in Pulaski, a city which is noted for the fact that there is always something doing there.

Margarette Ragsdale was born in West Nashville, otherwise known as Ragsdale Heights. This name has been given it, as it is the birthplace of the famous short-story writer of the class of 1915.

Ruby Randolph was born at Good Springs, the famous health resort of Giles County.

Sammie Smith was born at Pisgah, but soon found that she could not live up to the lofty heights, so she moved to Pulaski, where ideals are more lax.

Lucille Heriges was born in ——. She is a famous Junior teacher, and when we allow her to grace our class meetings we are struck with awe.

At Pine Wood, in 1896, Sina Russell was born, but because of the slowness of the place she soon rustled out to the famous suburbs of Spring Hill.

In 1897, Annalee Kellum was born at Tarpley's Shop, the seat of the Giles County Country Club, on the Elkton Pike.

Bona Gatlin was born at Bethel, the metropolis of Giles County, in 1897.

Annie Ruth Lee, born in 1897, in Cumberland City, a prominent point about four inches square, and noted chiefly for its depot, which opens once a day.

Nothing in history could be mentioned in the same class with the Senior Stunt which was given October 18. At that time was divulged what the Seniors think of the faculty. April 16 came the Junior-Senior reception, which was one grand success. Then Mrs. Wynn entertained us, and this, if nothing else in our Senior year, would make us feel our importance. Never 'til this time did we feel our social prestige. Our Senior year has been a hard one indeed, but now our aims, our aspirations having been, in a manner, reached a summary from our hearts might include the following:

"Perceivest thou not the process of the year?
How the four seasons in four forms appear?
Like human life in every shape they wear.
Spring, first, like infancy, shoots out her head,
With milky juice returning to be fed,
Proceeding onward whence the year began,
The summer grows adult and ripens into man.
Autumn succeeds, a sober, tepid age,
Not frozen with fear, nor boiling into rage;
Last, winter creeps along with tardy pace,
Sad is his front and furrowed is his face."

ANNIE RUTH LEE.



Senior Class Prophecy



ON the fourteenth day of May, 1915, better known as Senior Class Day at Martin College, the Seniors, clad in their girlish middy suits and chaperoned by their class sponsor, trooped out to visit a Gypsy fortune teller. Of course, each girl was sure of her future, but imagine their consternation and, in many cases, their great surprise, when the Prophet of the Woods, from the door of her tiny tent, disclosed to them the data as I record it below.

Of course we made our class president go first, as all through the year we had made her shield us in many of our trials and tribulations.

And now from the Prophet of the Woods:

"You say your name is Louise Harvill?

"Your life will be full of ups and downs. This line shows that you have a very great affection for athletes, but there seems to be some peculiar connection between athletes and 'parsons.' Now, fair lady, athletes and parsons are entirely different. Can you explain this difference? While you are a great lover of music, yet music will not be your life work. But after all your trials and many love affairs you will change your occupation and you will become A MEDICAL MISSIONARY!!!"

"Your name, please? What? Anna Belle McMillion!

"Here is your life line, which predicts for you a long and happy life. The world will be greatly benefited by your having lived in it. I find traces of a recent 'petty' love affair, but you will give it up for a bright to-morrow.' These affairs will become more serious than you think, but ambition will at last triumph. Your whole palm shows that before many more years you will be the most famous short-story writer in the world. The only fault with your stories will be the lack of realism. (?)"

Your name? Sina Russell?

"Your life will be very merry and gay. I see that you will travel extensively, especially in Europe. Do you see this line running up to the tip of that finger? It shows that you have an exceedingly great aversion to anything belonging to the *Medical* world. The plans which you have made now will not come true, but do not be discouraged; ten years from now you will be a second Pavlowa, or perhaps a more famous dancer than even she."

"Now, dearier, say your name plainly. Bessie Sisk. All right!

"To an outsider your life will be very uneventful, but to you it will be as full as possible. At present your heart line is in excellent condition, but later 'petty' love affairs will cause its line to be broken. The authorities tell us that it is not right to allow your heart to become cold by disuse. You have an affection for brunettes, especially if their hair is black and curly, and their features are well rounded and stubby. In just a little while the city of Aspen Hill will be enriched by your presence, according to your palm."

"You are Lynette Jones!

"The life line on your palm is very long—really I see no end to it. I find that Birmingham holds a great attraction for you. It is unnecessary to say what it is, for I see that you are blushing now. I am sorry to tell you this, but as you desire to hear all, I am compelled to say, three years hence a great sorrow will come into your life which will change you completely. From that time you will be a violent hater of men. The rest of your life will be spent alone, all with companions having the same sentiments towards men."

"Your name, dearie? Ruby what? Ruby Randolph!

"A great career is in store for you. 'Through trials to triumph' will always be your motto through life. You will live to see yourself the head of Draughon's Business College in Nashville, which will then have the name of Draughon & Randolph. How proud your class-mates will be of you!!!"

"This is Lizzie Wilson, you say?

"Life holds a great feast in store for you, and not a feast of sausage only. That ought to appeal to you, for your palm shows that you are exceedingly fond of eating. You will gain what many desire—men!!!! This line shows your fondness for the opposite sex. This fondness will increase with the years. Your string of hearts will also increase, and since you can not bear to part with any of your true loves, you will go to that part of Africa where every woman has ten husbands. There you will bask in the tropical sunlight of husbandly grins, a temperament for each mood."

"And you are the renowned Margaret Wallace!

"Your life will be exceedingly uneventful. How strange. I see here a lot of tiny lines, little 'shorty' lines, but they are extraordinary and inexplicable. My dear, you might as well not continue to plan as you are now, for I do not see where you will put all that Domestic Science into use for only two. You think you will now, but before long a great change will come over you; a certain great movement will come over you and before you know it, you will become an ardent and extremely active militant suffragette!!!"

"Lucile Heriges? All right, dearie.

"I find that you are the recipient of many lovely gifts. There is here a long line which may indicate a gold-handled umbrella? See these little round lines? They may be chocolate cups and saucers. Here is a large and rounder line. Perhaps that is a chafing-dish. All across your heart line I find the clergy!! Do you really love a curly-headed minister? I can tell by the color of your face that you do. Don't worry, my dear, for he will not allow you to teach primary methods always!"

"Mary Clarke Jones!!!

"I find that you have an exceedingly romantic temperament. Your love for romance will lead you to become a Red Cross nurse. Look, here is a soldier boy! Let's trace his line backwards. From the field of battle, back to the enlisting station, back to the Modern Grocery of Pulaski, and thence back to the Elkton Pike! The cross on your sleeve will not indicate to you what the crosses mean to most nurses; yours will mark a cross between the love of F. K. and a certain S. N. You will have your share of romance, for I see that this very soldier boy will some day win the heart of a Maury County Red Cross nurse!"

"You are Margaret Ragsdale!

"The artistic temperament is evident at first glance; also, I see that you do not lack sentimentality. There is something here which is interesting. A man's panama hat, but as the line ceases suddenly it is impossible to trace that further. I wonder why you love large, yellow houses? Perhaps it is on account of a certain inhabitant of a large, yellow house. I find that you do not have an aversion to young lawyers. But here comes a mixture which you might help me explain: Yellow houses, panama hats, lawyers, and a great big green bird!!! Can you help me straighten this out? Well, then, I can't go further into your future."

"Annalee Kellum!!!

"You are exceedingly fond of mornings when there is a 'fogg.' Your favorite quotation seems to be 'Out of a 'fogg' rose a romance.' There is something of great interest to you in Lewisburg. Perhaps there is an 'i and a b.' Also, it is obvious that a Senior of the Boys' School not far from here has a warm place in your heart!! You have always had a love for circuses, haven't you? Well, you will be happy, for this mount shows that you will have a circus all the rest of your days!"

"Your name is Bessie Lee Keathly?

"I find that your linguistic powers are very great. Distinctly I see here your weakness for 'Gables.' Ah! what is this? I see here a large man with

black whiskers. This man will influence your life greatly. Let us follow this line. Well, it is not surprising that he will influence your life, for I see that you will become the wife of this man, the ambassador to Hindoostan."

"Your name? Edith Hooper.

"I see that you have a great amount of ambition. Your ambition runs in a different line from most girls of your age. Your life has been at some time directed by some Bible character. 'Moses', perhaps. Here is a line which spells a word. Let us observe. D-O-U-G. That is very peculiar. I do not comprehend. Well, never mind, I see by your blushes that you understand. A great rise attends you. In a short time I find that the gubernatorial chair of New York will be occupied by you."

"You say your name is Annie Ruth Lee?

"Here is a very striking mount. Let us investigate it. Really this mount is remarkably well developed. Honestly, I have never, in all my experience, seen such development in this particular mount. This is called the mount of inquisitiveness. I find that you have no aversion whatever to the masculine species. That N. B. holds a warm place in your heart is evident. Here is a rather odd line. It is in the shape of a question mark. While off at school in a large city I find you will surprise everyone by eloping with the world's champion heavyweight pugilist."

"Pauline Shearin, you say?

"I find that you have an exceedingly pining disposition. You have a certain faculty which you have cultivated to its fullest extent, the faculty of letter-writing. Also I find that you are very fond of discussing at length Bible characters—Joseph and David, for instance. There is a line here which shows interest in government employes; but no, duty calls you. So you will go to New York and become the head of the cat and dog hospital."

"Your name? Sammie Smith!

"Your life line indicates a long life with many romantic experiences. For instance, at one time, because of your own inability to learn during your school days, you decided to establish a school for backward children. This school will flourish until you fall in love with a certain young man whose initials are — —, who is your rural mail carrier. After this you will live in the quietude of Owl Hollow in an ivy-covered cottage in the dell.

"I find a regular geography in your hand. Here is Williamsport, Odmore, Elkton, and Pulaski. It is perplexing to imagine what these places indicate. My dear, do not blush so. I will not inquire further."

"You say your name is Bona Gatlin?

"Alright, my dear, I shall tell you what the future holds for you. You must have made a startling career while in school, for I see here indications of dashing wit, a touch of boldness, and a wonderful desire for leadership. In fact, this love of leadership and dictatorship becomes so uppermost in your mind that you decide to marry a little, timid, quiet man, whose initials are — —, and you decide to become a minister in the church of the Holy Rollers. A word of consolation before you leave me: You are by far the most beautiful member of the class of 1915, and as a word of warning for the future, I urge you not to allow too many mourners of the sterner sex to fill your mourners' bench."

"And what is your name, my pretty maid? What is it? Don't mumble so! Oh, yes, I hear you now—Wilma Garrett.

"You seem to have a wonderful aversion to men; you are timid in their presence and will not talk to them. Your heart line shows that you will be a temperance platform lecturer, at which work you meet the man who, by his gentle winning ways helps you to decide to—rent his house in which you will live in blissful solitude with your parrot and your cat."

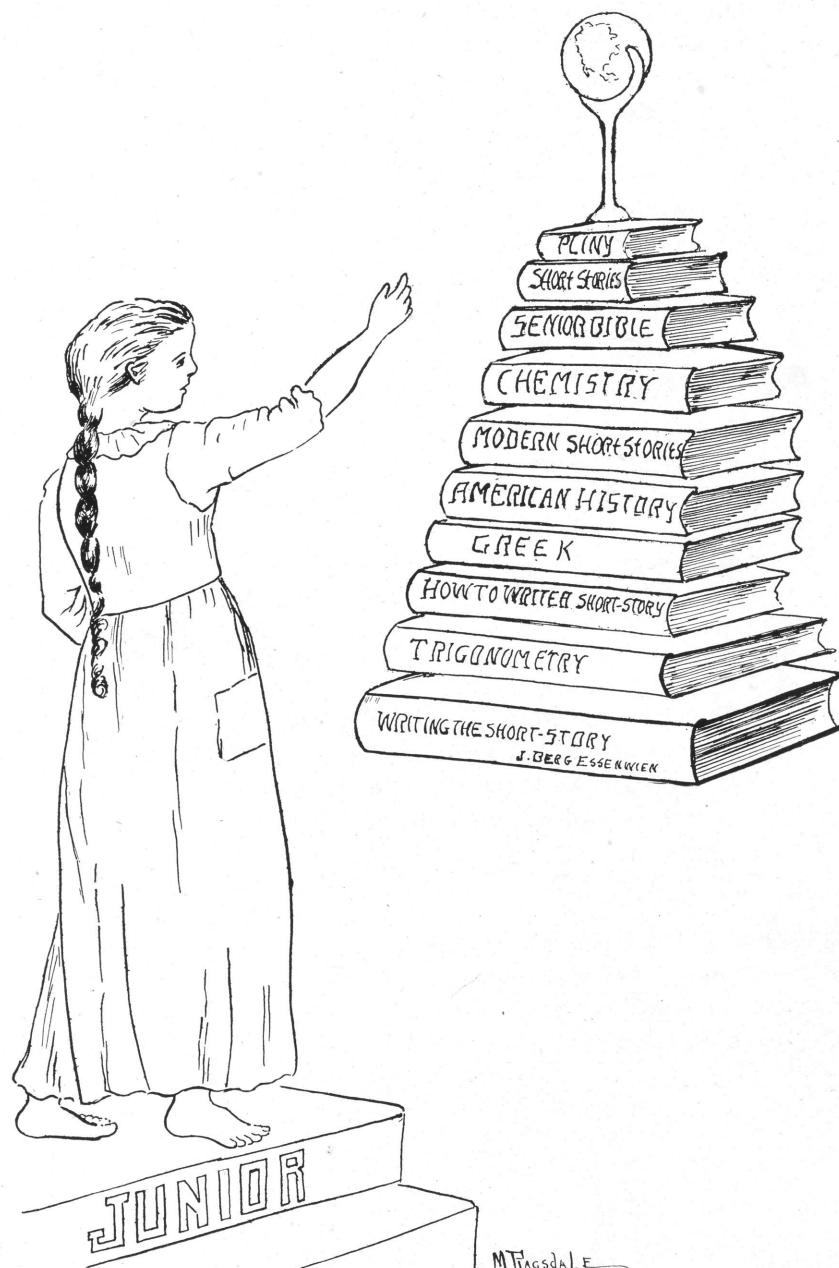
"And what is your name? Beatrice Gallipopp? Oh, beg pardon, Gal-laher.

"Well, you seem to have had a life of some variety. You seem to have been a sort of bounder; from all indications you hit life in the high places, but owing to the fact that all through life you have been so extremely neat, you decide to open up a French tailoring establishment in the City of Paris with a certain young man whose initials seem to be D. I., son of a minister, as your business manager."

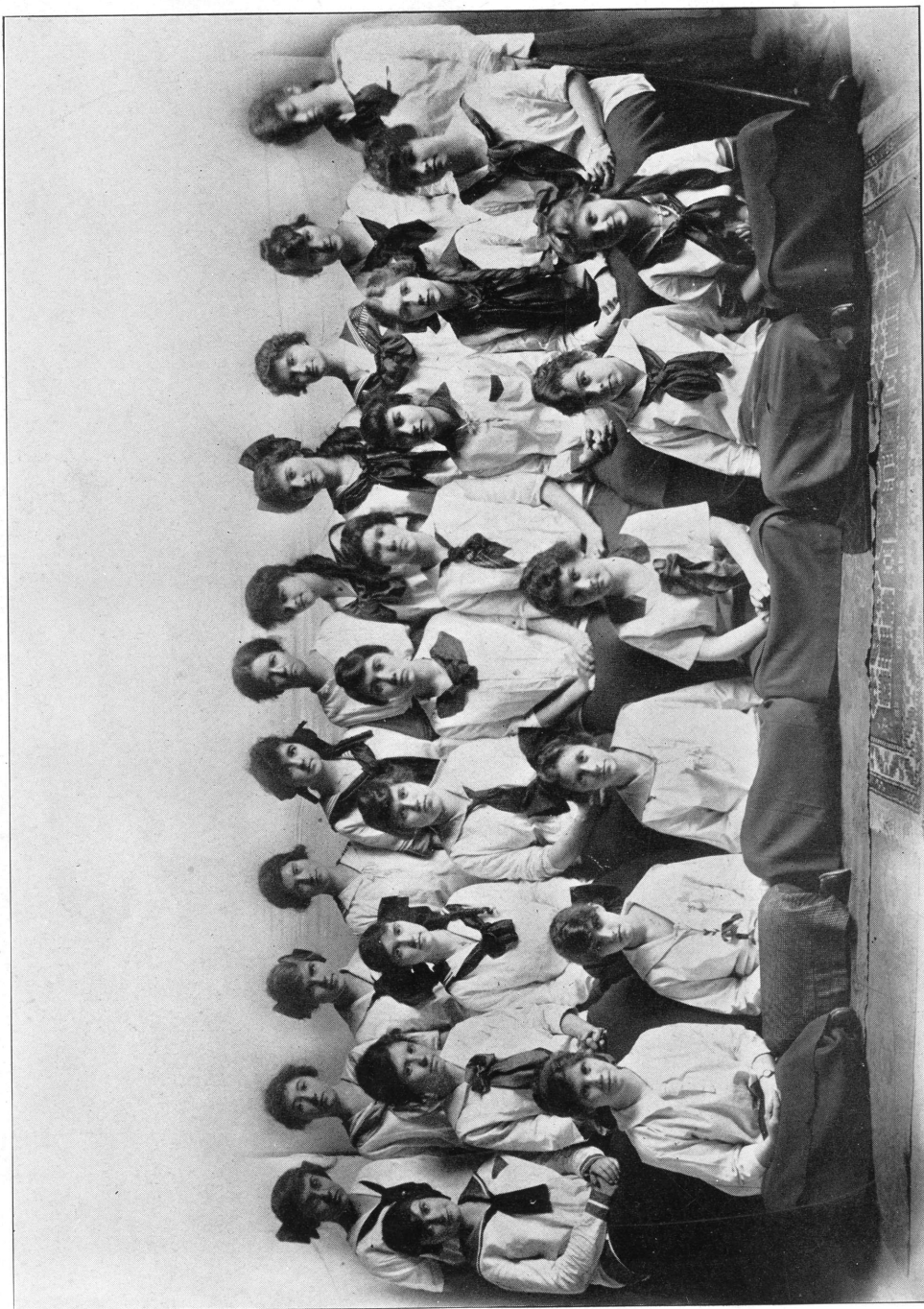
"Now, I think you are a very fortunate set of girls. You seem to fit right into the world and its schemes, and fill some of the biggest spaces; so I advise you all to visit my friend, the Fairy of Hearts' Content, in order that she may give to you those things which will make for you a life full of happiness."

"The Prophet of the Woods."

(ANNE ABERNATHY, *Class Prophet.*)



M. Faggsdale
1912



JUNIOR CLASS

Junior Class



COLORS: Old Gold and Green.

FLOWER: Yellow Chrysanthemum.

MOTTO: "Time wasted is existence; used, is life."

Officers

TOM SUTTON	President
NELLE TURNER	Vice President
EDWINA GAINES	Secretary
RUTH PORTER	Treasurer
KATHLEEN TOMKINS	Historian
EURIE COVINGTON	Prophet
ELIZABETH ABERNATHY	Poet
CLARISSA RAGSDALE	Artist
MISS M. H. MASON	Sponsor

Class Roll

ELIZABETH ABERNATHY	PEARL MCCrackEN
LURA BRIDGES	MYRTLE MCCrackEN
BESSIE CHENAULT	LOIS PEARCE
CLAIRE CHITWOOD	RUTH PORTER
EURIE COVINGTON	CLARISSA RAGSDALE
EDWINA GAINES	BEATRICE ROBERTS
MARY GARNER	TOM SUTTON
ALMA GARRETT	CARRIE TATUM
MARGARET GILLIAM	KATHLEEN TOMKINS
MARY GRISSIM	NELLE TURNER
IRENE HUNTER	SAMELLA WALLACE
MARY INGRUM	ANICE WARD
ZELMA KING	ELIZABETH YANCEY

Junior Class Prophecy



WAS in a vast forest all alone, at least I seemed to be alone. How did it happen? Truly I can not explain; perhaps you would call it only a dream, but to me reality was never more real. This forest was the personification of gloomy grandeur. As I began to ascend a hill I was hindered by those horrible Harpies, but a beautiful old lady, who evidently possessed the powers of charming animals, called the monsters away. She introduced herself as a devoted follower of Virgil, called Anice, in memory of his immortal Aeneid. She promised to lead me to inferno and afterwards to purgatory. Then she said I should be led by Beatrice into Paradise.

Upon entering the infernal regions we saw upon the gate these words:

“Through me you pass into the city of woe;
Through me you pass into eternal pain;
Through me among the people lost for aye;
Justice the founder of my fabric moved;
To rear me was the task of power divine,
Supreme wisdom and primeval love.
Before me things created were none, save things
Eternal and eternal I endure.
All hope abandon ye who enter here.”

Anice and I crossed the Acheron, with Charon as ferryman, and found that Inferno was divided into circles, over which Kathleen presided. The “big eaters” were furnished. There we saw Elizabeth and Carrie. One circle was for those who had used Father Time foolishly. Poor Mary was there. It would draw tears from the eyes of Pluto to hear her tell how she had suffered from wasting so much time in writing to Tiddle-de-winks. In another circle, guarded by Margaret, the heretics were punished. Strange to say, but the guard, Bessie and Lura—each a preacher’s daughter—were doomed to this division. Flaxen-haired Mary ruled over still another circle, where the violent met with their fate. It was sad to see Lois, Pearl, and Mary La Grande in such a place, for when we were classmates on earth they were so quiet and each had such a sweet disposition, it seemed.

Just before dawn Anice and I left Inferno and went to the beautiful Isle of Purgatory, where she cleansed my face with morning dew. We beheld a vessel under conduct of an angel coming over the waves with passengers to Purgatory. On board I saw Alma, Samella, and Claire. When they came nearer I learned that they had even come to Purgatory talking of Shakespeare, who had been their constant conversation fifty years before. I did not remain until they had landed, for Anice rebuked me for loitering. We ascended the mountains of Purgatory by a steep, narrow path, and there, wandering among the rocks, we saw Elizabeth La-petit

She told us that she was doomed to linger there because she had delayed her repentance too long. Oh! on earth she was always "A Fabius, the Delayer."

Just outside the gates of Paradise, Beatrice met us, as Anice had said she would. She seemed eager to do all she could for my pleasure. Annice remarked that the splendors of the kingdom dazzled her eyes and before we could speak to her she had returned to Inferno. Beatrice and I entered the moon. There we saw Tommye, who explained that the moon was inhabited by those who, after having made professions of chastity and of lifelong devotion to religious duties, had violated their vows. Imagine my surprise when I saw Myrtle there. To think of her having been a frivolous society belle.

We next went to Mercury, the second heaven. A multitude of spirits were there, one of whom promised to answer any question I asked. Immediately I asked why Beatrice should be a celestial guide and Clarissa should have failed to reach Paradise. The Spirit answered that Beatrice suffered sufficiently in her struggles to master Junior English to atone for her sins; but to Clarissa that study had been a pleasure.

The last place visited by Beatrice and myself was the Elysian Fields. The beautiful blending of delicate colors that awed me was the work of our two artists, Ruth and Zelma. As I gazed spellbound a wonderful vision approached us. It was a golden chariot drawn by large white swans, and encircled by fluttering doves. In this chariot rode Irene, the Elysian Venus. The beautiful Juno soon followed her riding a streak of lightning. Juno—Edwina I mean—was soon lost to view, but Irene continued to grace the Fields during my stay. The beautiful laurel tree waved in the breezes uttering sweet Nellbyes. Nelle had been changed by her rejected shepherd boy into a laurel tree, the story ran. But that it was told me in the Elysian Fields I would never have believed it.

Now, I am at Murfreesboro, Tenn., just as I have been for forty long years. Perhaps you think I have never been away; perhaps you think that my travels were only the dreamland journey of a very sick old woman; perhaps you do not even believe in King Arthur, Robinson Crusoe, in the wonderful nations, Lilliput and Brobdingnags. Well, anyway, in all this that your wisdom might class as madness, there is a method delightful and fitting at least in the eyes of this whimsical old woman.



Junior Acrostic

J—is for Junior, which we all are.
U—is for ugly, from which we are far.
N—is for nothing, that we never do.
I—is for idleness, which none of us knew.
O—is for optimism, with which we are blest.
R—is an unknown quantity—Rest.
S—is for Sutton, of all leaders the best.

A Modern Version of the Story of Adam and Eve



Sallie Emma

There was a young flirt, Sallie Emma,
Who found herself in a dilemma,
Earbobs of great size,
Beauty spots 'neath her eyes,
She stood on the bridge in a tremor.

Down the street came a youngster, named
Jim,
In appearance and bearing quite slim.
Now lifting his cap,
He said, "Have an ap?"
And he tossed her an apple with vim.

Sallie Emma was filled with great apprehen-
sion,
And looked all about, a fact I'd best mention,
Not a teacher in sight,
"I'll just take a bite,"
Said this maid with great condescension.

Now, most of the girls at our Martin College,
Have tasted this fruit from the tree of knowl-
edge,
For you bet they all know,
That wherever they go,
They're apt to encounter a "Friend of the
College."



Jim





SOPHOMORE CLASS

Sophomore Class



MOTTO: "Nothing better than the best."

COLORS: Russian Green and Old Gold.

Officers

RUTH BURROW	<i>President</i>
BONNIE CLARA SIMPSON	<i>Secretary and Treasurer</i>
DORA HOLMES	<i>Poet</i>
FRANCES HAMPTON	<i>Historian</i>
EDNA PEARSON	<i>Class Sponsor</i>

Class Roll

RUTH BURROW
WILLIE COBBS

SARAH CORBAN
MAE CONASTER

CARRIE DURHAM
LUCILE DAVIS

GERTRUDE EDMUNDSON
WILLIE FERGUSON

JESSIE FERGUSON
EMMA FAIRES

ESSIE GRAVES
PATTI HARWELL

DORA HOLMES
FRANCES HAMPTON

LAURA JOSLIN
MILDRED KING

SARAH LANIUS
ELIZABETH MORAN

AILLEN OWEN
PAULINE POWELL

SARAH REED
MINNIE SHIPP

ADELAIDE STEVENSON
ELLEN SMITHSON

CATHERINE SEDBERRY
BONNIE CLARA SIMPSON

BETTIE SUE STORY
MARY WOOD

Sophomore Poem

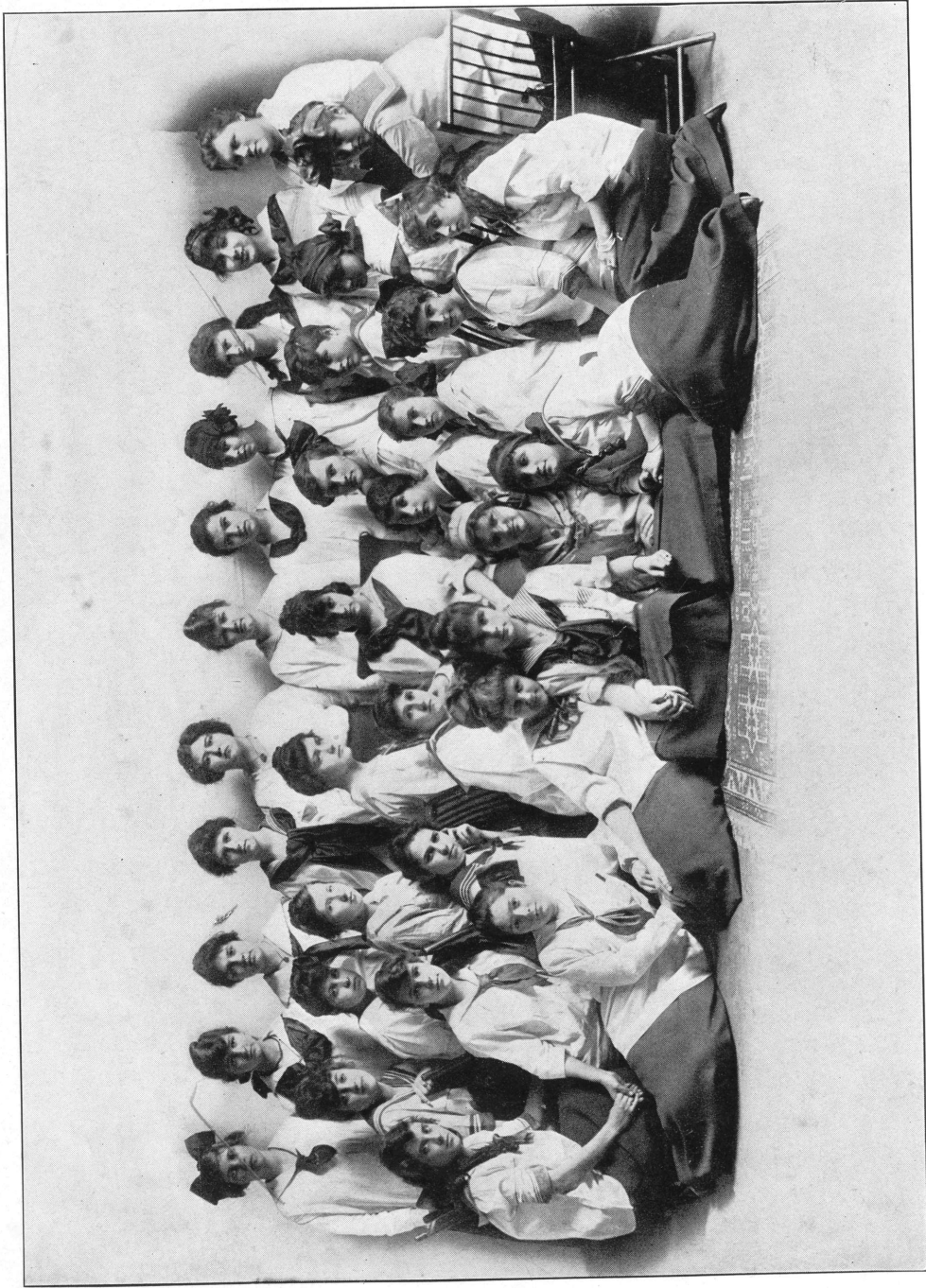


Although we are just a band
Of silly Sophomores here,
We now are going hand in hand
Toward the Junior year.

From afar through the mist of the years,
We hear the sweet call as of old,
The voices of the Seniors reach our ears,
Calling us on toward the goal.

We always struggle to be brave,
No matter how great the test,
And in our hearts we ever crave
Sympathy from all the rest.

And oft from the busy world,
Sweet memories of the days of yore
Will steal away our thoughts and whirl
Us joyfully on schoolday's shore.



FRESHMAN CLASS

Freshman Class



COLORS: Old Gold and Purple.

FLOWER: Flag.

MOTTO: "They can who think they can."

Officers

MARY ROGERS	<i>President</i>
ALLEEN NEELEY	<i>Vice President</i>
ALICE HUNERWADEL	<i>Secretary</i>
NELLE BIRDSONG	<i>Treasurer</i>
RUTH MINCEY	<i>Poet</i>
MINNIE SHIPP	<i>Historian</i>
GLADYS WATTS	<i>Prophet</i>

Class Roll

MARGARET ALEXANDER
NELLE BIRDSONG
SADIE BREWER
IVA LEE BROWN
BESSIE BURKHALTER

WILLIE CHAPMAN
LOUISE DUNN
WALDINE DUNN
LOUISE FORGEY
REVIS HARDY

ALICE HUNERWADEL
MARY LOUISE JARVIS
MAGGIE E. LEE
ANNIE MADRAY
RUTH MATTHEWS

GLADYS WATTS

RUTH MINCEY
ALLEEN NEELEY
MARY NEWMAN
IRENE PAGE
ALICE POINDEXTER

LILLIAN POWELL
MARY ROGERS
ALMA SMITH
SADIE SMITH
MINNIE SHIPP

WILLIE MAE SEAY
FREDA SKILLERN
SADIE STENBECK
CARLYNE VAUGHN
MARY ELLEN WILLIAMS

Old Times Recalled



WHILE "Jim" and I were on our honeymoon and touring through the West, we spent several nights at one of the large hotels of Chicago. The first night about 12 o'clock we were awakened by a woman's voice crying out several times, "Polly Anna." She was evidently dreaming, for the next morning we learned that there was no one in there by that name, and to our surprise she proved to be my old school friend, Mary Rogers, who is now a recent debutante of Nashville. We had quite a conversation, and she told me she was on her way to see Lillian Power, now Mrs. William J———

While we were in the dining room the next morning, I saw a face which resembled an old class-mate of mine, and later I learned that it was Mrs. Robert E———, formerly Miss Mary Ellen Williams.

As "Jim" and I had quite a bit of shopping to do, we went to one of the large department stores and who should come to wait on us but two of my old class-mates, Sadie Smith and Annie Madray.

After lunch we decided to take in one of the high class "vaudeilles," and to our surprise we discovered that Irene Page was one of their vocal stars.

That evening, while reading the paper, we noticed in the personals the name of Sadie Stenbeck and Margaret Alexander, who were just leaving for New York, where they will spend a few weeks before sailing for Europe, where Sadie will finish in voice at Leipzig, in Germany, and Margaret is on her way to Place Vendome in Paris, where she hopes to imbibe several ideas as to the latest fashions.

When we left Chicago for Denver, who should we see on the train but Mrs. Willie Chapman ——, with her little son. However, I did not get to speak to her, as she got off at the next station.

When about half asleep, after a long day's ride, we overheard a conversation about Martin College. My curiosity being aroused, of course I looked around, and saw a lady in mourning. Being interested in my Alma Mater I went back to speak to her, and who should it be but Mary Louise Jarvis. After talking to her I learned she had been disappointed in love and was reminded of a debate we had in society, "It is better to have loved and lost than never to have loved at all." We had to say good-bye in a hurry, for Denver was the next stop, and she was on her way to a neighboring town to teach school. When we arrived in Denver we found Bessie Burkhalter

installed there as the Ladies' Aid Worker. We learned from her that several of my old school-mates resided there. She told us of Dr. Minnie Shipp, the famous beauty specialist, who was manager of the beauty parlor at the hotel at which we were going to stop for a couple of weeks.

The afternoon of the next day, Minnie took us to see Mrs. Woodard W——, and to my surprise found she was my old school friend Freda Skillern. She took us out for a car ride to see the city. On our way back we stopped to see her old room-mate, Alice Poindexter, who, to our surprise, now weighs 200 pounds, and is teaching expression quite successfully.

The following Sunday we visited one of the large churches. After the service we met the pastor, Rev. Howard L—— and wife (nee Bill Seay), who invited us to their home for dinner. She had as two of her nearest neighbors Alleen Neeley and Alice Hunerwadel, who were still very much in love with each other and who had gone out West to take up a claim.

Later in the afternoon, Mrs. L. called Carlyne Vaughn, now Mrs. Herbert H——, who later invited us to her home to have tea. We accepted, and out there I met so many of my old class-mates—among them were Maggie Emaline Lee, who was just as jolly and as talkative as ever; Mary Newman, an old maid music teacher; Maurine Murray and Revis Hardy, also music teachers. After tea Carlyne took us out to see Mrs. William M—— (nee Ruth Mincy), and who had as her guests Louise and Waldine Dunn, still wanting to get married. That afternoon Ruth took us down town and what should we see coming down the street but a party of Suffragetts, among whom were Sadie Brewer and Iva Lee Brown, both carrying banners: "Votes for Women."

A little later an elegant car passed us, and we recognized Mrs. Herman C——, formerly Annie Braly, as the driver. Later, she took us in the car out to hear Nelle Birdsong give her graduation recital in expression, and to our surprise she was assisted by dear little Alma Smith. After the recital we went for a long drive in the country and with the usual tourist luck we had a breakdown in front of an old school-house, and who should come out to help us but Mrs. Ruth Matthews B—— and Miss Louise Forgey, two teachers in that district.

The pleasure of my honeymoon was greatly increased by meeting so many of my class-mates in such unexpected places. One can imagine my keen disappointment when, just as I was ready to enter my beautiful new home in Texas, my room-mate called to me, "Get up, there are only five minutes before breakfast."

To My Alma Mater



I try to thing what life will be
Without your sheltering arms,
During four bright, happy years
You have shielded me from harms.

I try to think what life will be
Without my chum, my heart,
For we've stood the storms together
And now 'tis sad to part.

The shadows of the evening
Still on our room will shine,
With new faces at the windows
'Stead of Elizabeth's and mine.

I wonder if you will miss us,
As we shall surely do;
Through life's stormy pathway
To you we will e'er be true.

I try to think of happier times,
Of blissful, perfect days;
But dear old Alma Mater,
You will be there always.

I try to think what I will do,
And how I can tribute pay;
Life's choicest blessings all for you,
Forever and for aye!

M. C. JONES .





SUB-FRESHMAN CLASS

Sub-Freshman Class



MOTTO: "Live to Learn, Learn to Live.

FLOWER: Pink Carnation.

COLORS: Pink and White.

Officers

CATHERINE STORY	<i>President</i>
REBEKAH PORTER	<i>Treasurer</i>
ELISE ARROWSMITH	<i>Secretary</i>

Class Roll

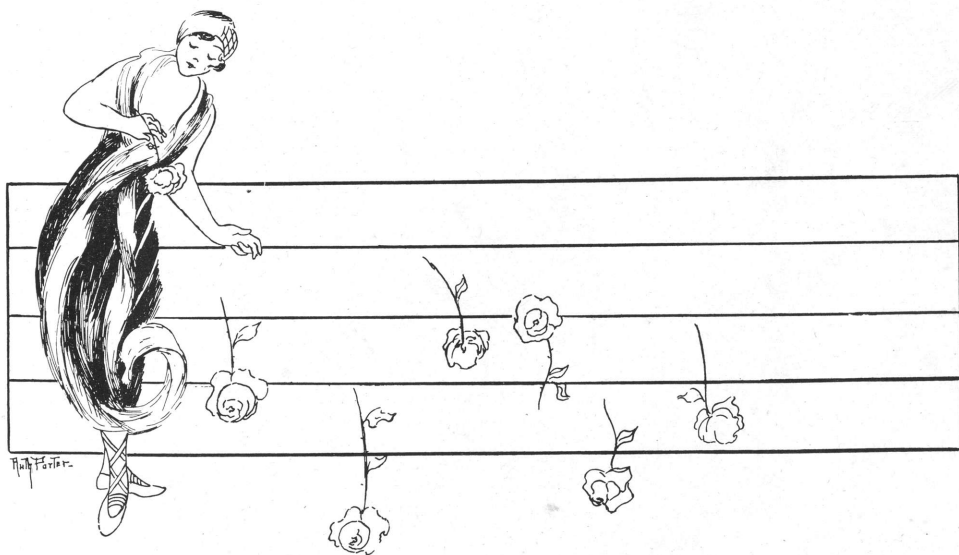
ELISE ARROWSMITH
PEARL BREECE
MARY LOU CALDWELL
CLELLIE HARWELL
LOUISE KERSEY
LUCY KNOX
MARTHA MONTGOMERY

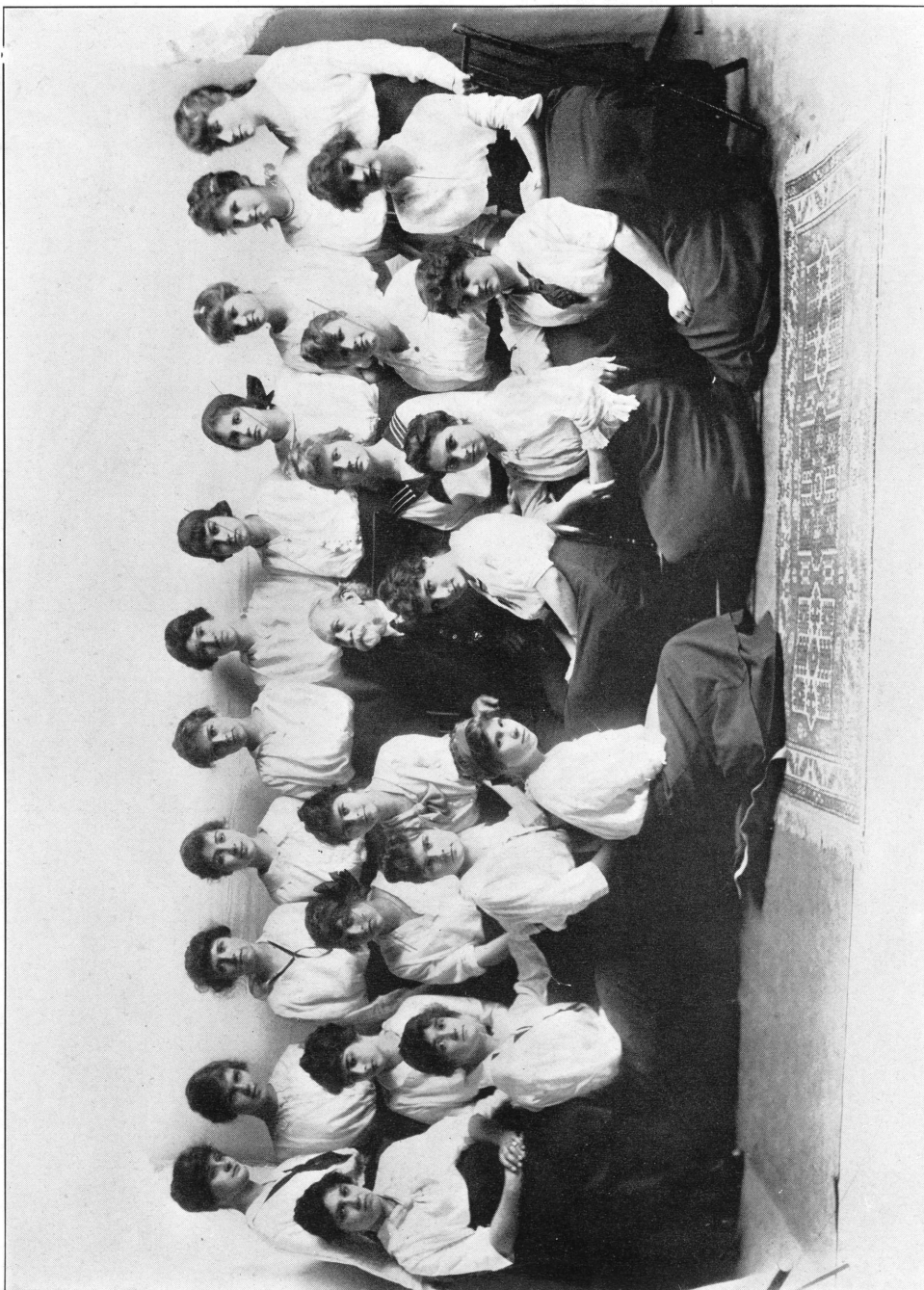
REBECAH MAY
FANNIE MAE OFFICER
REBEKAH PORTER
HELEN PHELAN
CATHERINE STORY
IRENE VAUGHAN
BUENA WALL
KATHERINE WADE

Statistics of Martin College



- A—means artistic, 'tis Margaret, please mind,
Such a shark in her art we rarely can find.
- B—is for bashful, Mary Garner, we declare,
To speak to a boy she wouldn't even dare.
- C—is for cutest, Mary Clarke, we all say,
She always has such a cute, charming way.
- D—is for daring, 'tis a fact so well known,
That Ruth evades rules in a way all her own.
- E—is for earnest, one of Ruth Matthews' traits,
For anything careless she always hates.
- F—is for fair, Sarah Reed we agree,
To know her is to love her as you very well see.
- G—is for graceful, for Mary Rogers, who knows
How to effect the most striking intelligent pose.
- H—is for honesty, Annie Ruth's name comes here,
For a franker girl can't be found anywhere.
- I—is for indifferent, and Bona, here fits,
For through every excitement very quietly she sits.
- J—is for jolly, 'tis "Kat" Tomkins, you say,
For she laughs and she smiles the live long day.
- K—is for kindness, a trait we all desire,
And in Sina Russell this we all admire.
- L—is for lovable, Edith we must take,
This you'll see proved in the hearts she will break.
- M—is for modest. Ruth Mincey comes here.
In this she would outstrip us all, I fear.
- N—is for neat, Louise Harvill, I must tell,
Because she dresses neatly and always looks well.
- O—is for obliging, as we should all be,
Sadye Stenbeck leads here, you easily see.
- P—is for the prettiest—Irene Hunter, we all sing,
Praises of her beauty both far and near ring.
- Q—is for quaint; 'tis a fact well known
That Katie Day is quaint, both here and at home.
- R—is for rowdy, Mary Louise, loud and bold,
It is she who makes noise, we are so often told.
- S—stands for sweet, here Lizzie I'll name;
She has such a sweet way and is always the same.
- T—is for tiny, and all the girls know
That Alice in this would make the best show.
- U—is for unique, 'tis Virginia May, please mind,
Who does her own way as you'll very soon find.
- V—is for virtue, here Edwina will stand,
For she always is ready to lend a helping hand.
- W—is for winsome, here comes Pauline so smart,
But who never knows where to find her lost heart.
- X—is for 'xample that Eurie has set,
This I am sure we will never forget.
- Y—is for youthful Carrie Durham, quite bold,
Who knows how to frolic and never seems old.
- Z—is for zealous, Beatrice as a rule,
Who does her very best at home and at school.



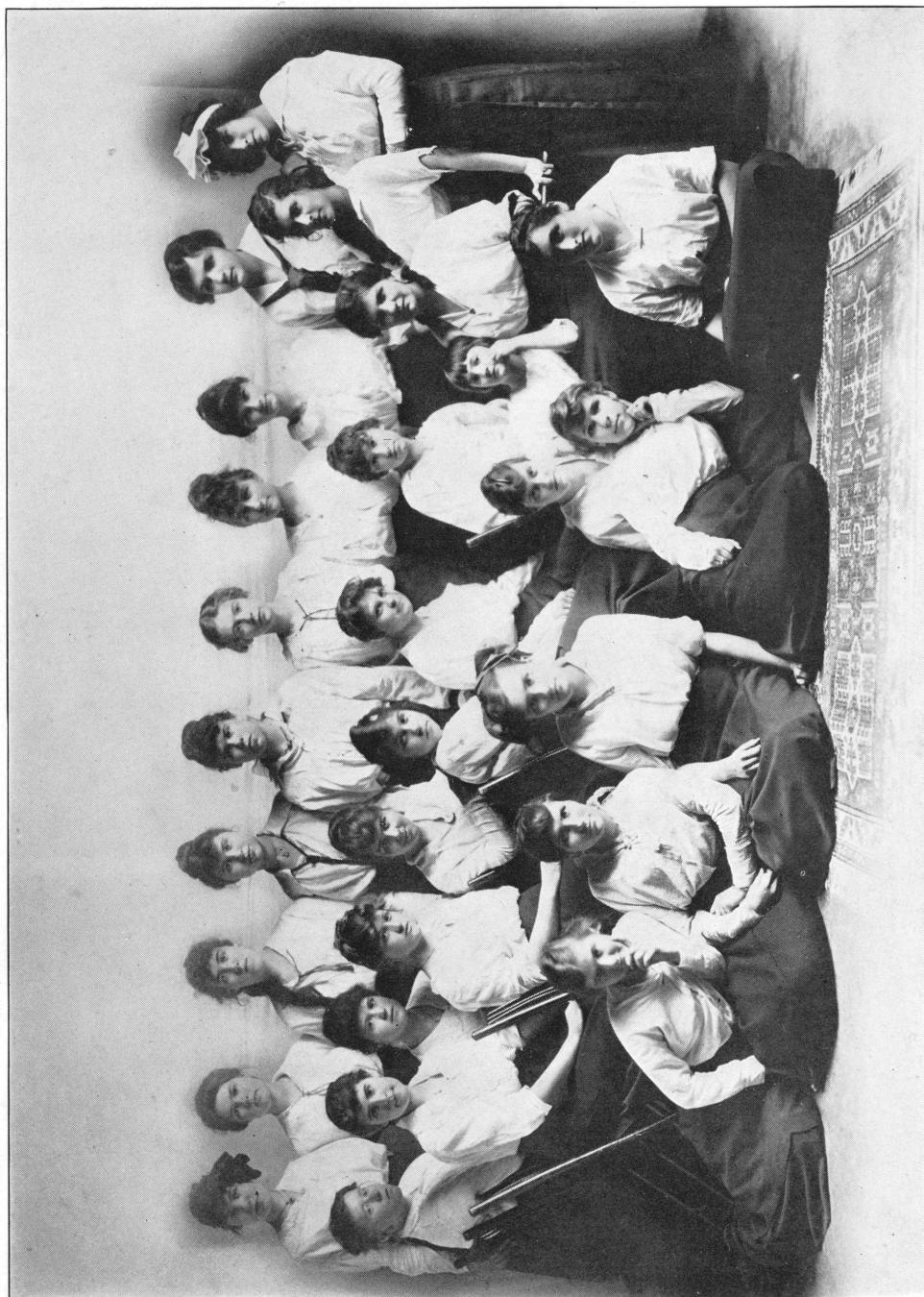


PROF. GRASSE'S MUSIC CLASS

Prof. Grasse's Music Class



ELIZABETH ABERNATHY	EDITH HOOPER
MARTHA BIRDSONG	MARY CLARK JONES
ANNIE BRALY	LYNETTE JONES
BESSIE CHENAULT	BESSIE LEE KEATHLY
MAGGIE MAUD COX	PEARL MCCrackEN
MAI CONATSER	RUTH MINCEY
CARRIE DURHAM	MARTHA MONTGOMERY
GERTRUDE EDMUNDSON	MARY NEWMAN
JESSIE FERGUSON	SARAH REED
MARY GARNER	SAMMIE SMITH
MARGARET GILLIAM	WILLIE MAE SEAY
LOUISE HARVILL	MARY WOOD



MRS. HARWELL'S MUSIC CLASS

Mrs. Harwell's Music Class

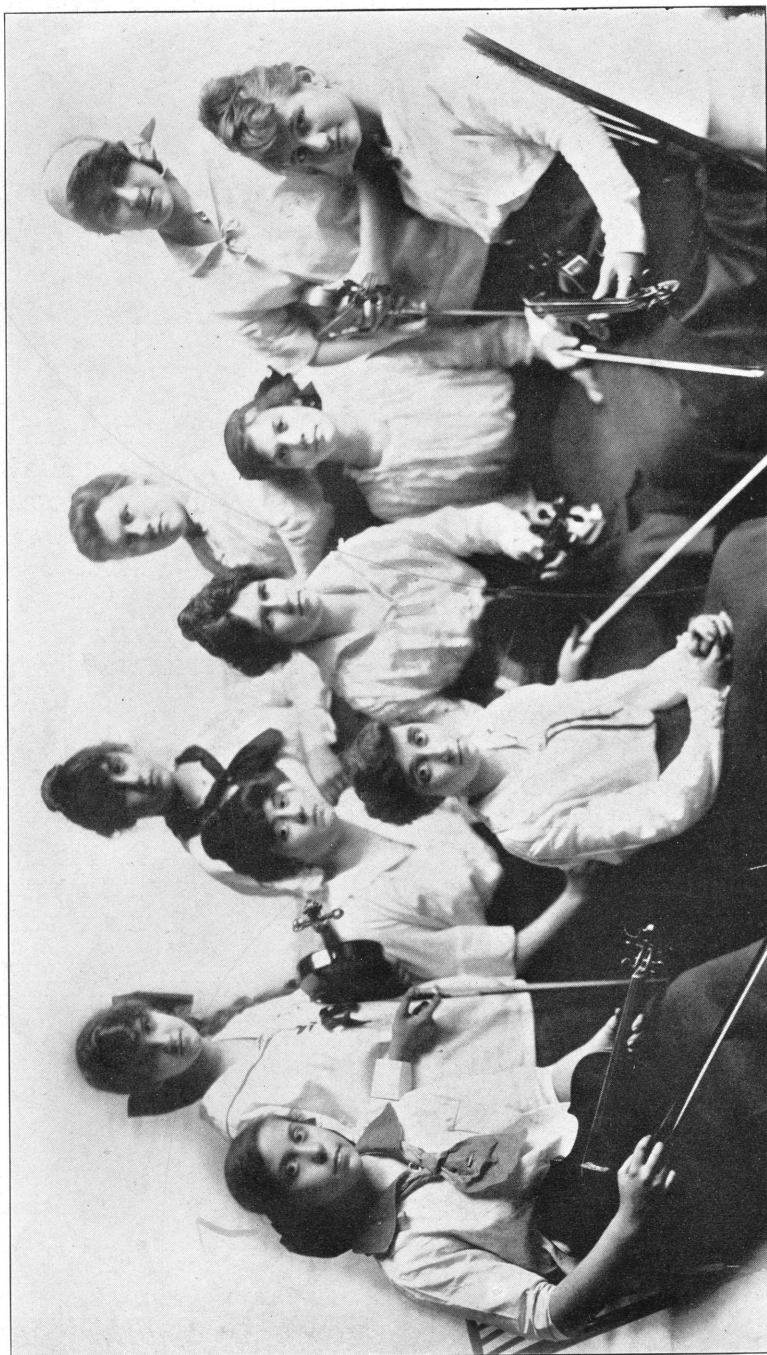
RUTH BURROWS
WILLIE COBBS
CLAIRE CHITWOOD
MILDRED CARY
MARY LOU CALDWELL
LUCILLE DAVIS
LOUISE DUNN
MARY GRISSIM

RUTH PORTER
REBEKAH PORTER
PAULINE POWELL
LOIS PEARCE
HELEN PHELAN
SINA RUSSELL
CATHERINE STORY
VASHTI WILLIAMS

PATTI HARWELL
CLELLIE HARWELL
DORA HOLMES
ANNIE MADRAY
ANITA MOORE
MAURINE MURRAY
MARY WILL OLIVER
FANNIE MAE OFFICER

FREDA SKILLERN
JEANETTE SUTLIFF
SADYE SMITH
ALMA SMITH
ELLEN SMITHSON
SADYE STENBECK
FLORA TODD
GLADYS WATTS

BUENA WALL



MISS SAVEE'S CLASS

Miss Savee's Class



Violin

CARRIE DEE MCCLAIN
REBEKAH PORTER
PAULINE POWELL
VIRGINIA PUCKETT
GRACE TAYLOR
IRENE VAUGHAN
GLADYS WATTS
ELIZABETH YANCEY

Piano

IVA LEE BROWN
HATTIE CHEEK
REVIS HARDY
ORLEAN HOLT
MARY LOUISE JARVIS
SARAH LANIUS
CARRIE DEE MCCLAIN
ALICE POINDEXTER
LILLIAN NEAL
LOUISE TIPTON



MISS BRADFORD'S VOICE CLASS

Miss Bradford's Voice Class



MARTHA BIRDSONG

WILLA MAE COLLINS

GERTRUDE EDMUNDSON

SALLIE B. HOLT

MARY CLARKE JONES

ANNA BELLE McMILLION

IRENE PAGE

TOMMYE SUTTON

FREDA SKILLERN

GLADYS WATTS

MRS. CORNELIA CANNON

MAGGIE MAUD COX

LUCILLE GRIFFIN

LYNETTE JONES

LAURA JOSLIN

RUTH MINCY

VIRGINIA PUCKETT

SADYE STENBECK

SADYE SMITH



Quartette



MAGGIE MAUD COX
GLADYS WATTS

TOM SUTTON
GERTRUDE EDMUNDSON





EXPRESSION CLASS

Expression Class



ANNE ABERNATHY	MYRTLE MCCrackEN
NELLE BIRDSONG	IRENE PAGE
RUTH BURROWS	ALICE POINDEXTER
CLAIRE CHITWOOD	PATTI POWELL
EURIE COVINGTON	MARY ROGERS
EDWINA GAINES	CATHERINE SEDBERRY
BEATRICE GALLAHER	FREDA SKILLERN
FRANCES HAMPTON	CATHERINE STORY
IRENE HUNTER	IRENE VAUGHAN
LUCY KNOX	SAMELLA WALLACE
ANNIE RUTH LEE	LUCILLE WOOD
RUTH MATTHEWS	LIZZIE WILSON
WILLIAM WYNN	

The Queen of Girlville



MARY MARGARET WENTWORTH was the Queen of Girlville; for was not her father the president of the First National Bank, and did she not have more beautiful dresses and hats than any of the other little girls?

It can not be said that the boys disliked Mary Margaret in the least or that Mary Margaret did not like the boys. Her beautiful golden curls and her dark brown eyes won a place for her in their hearts from the very first glance. Every morning she would find apples, chewing gum and candy on her desk.

One morning, along with the usual tokens, was a dirty old cartridge box tied with a red string. There were several little holes punched through the sides. "Look yonder, Mary Margaret, what's in that box?" asked Ellen White.

Mary Margaret untied the strings and opened the box excitedly. Up in her very face hopped a great, big, old, brown toadfrog. She screamed and dropped the box. The Queen was not at all pleased with this gift. Her Majesty could not imagine who could be so audacious as to send her that horrid old toad, for she did not realize that some suitor had parted with a treasure for her.

Later, while she was buried in her spelling book someone dropped a note in her lap. Glancing up she saw Bill Allen walking up the aisle. She read:

"Dear Mary Margaret:

My love for you will ever flow like lasses down a tater row.
Apples are good,
But peaches are better;
If you love me
You'll answer this letter."

This did not gratify Mary Margaret's vanity, for Bill's father wore shabby clothes. She tore the note into a thousand pieces and scornfully threw it into the waste-basket, while poor Bill looked on, sorrowing deeply in his little heart.

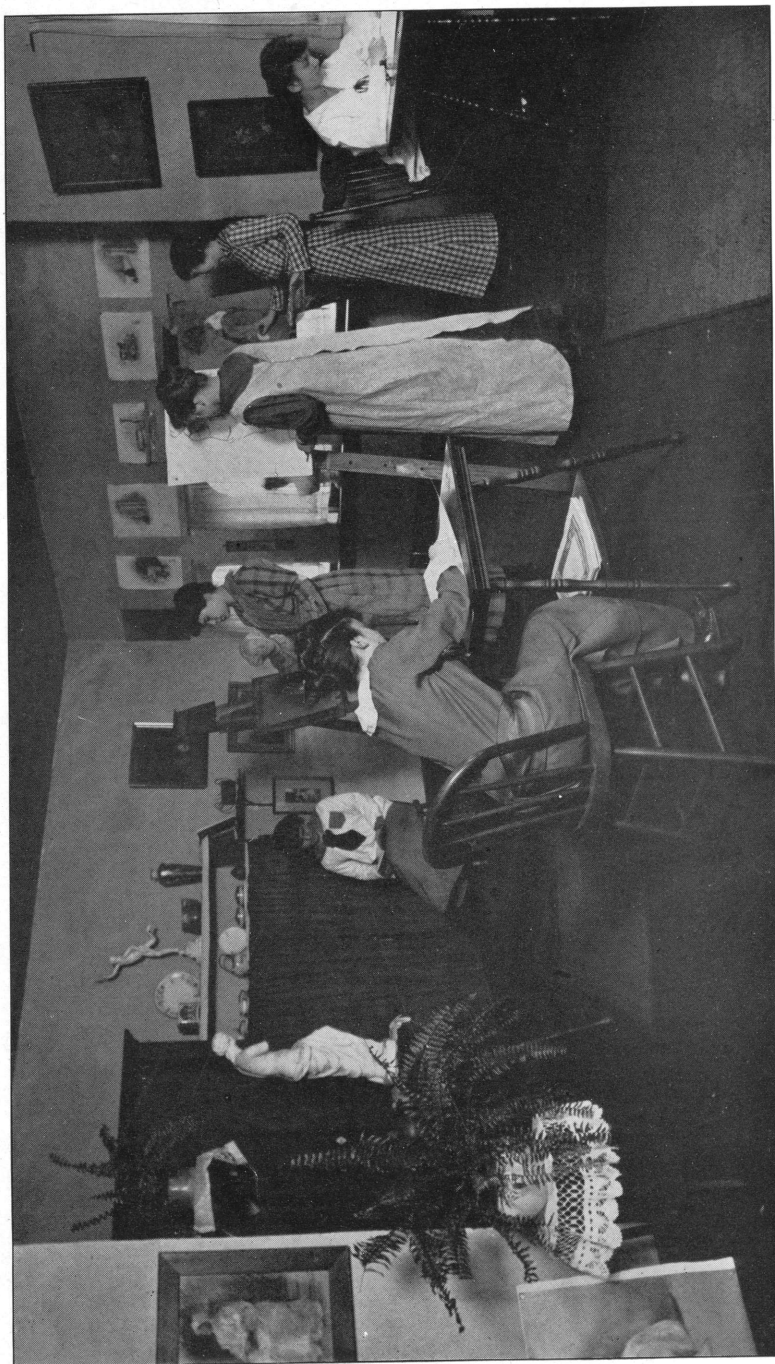
Weeks passed, yet Bill made no progress in his love affair. Love-noted candy, and even a little alligator did not win the proud Queen's heart. Bill lost all interest in the games and his appetite decreased so rapidly that Mrs. Allen actually thought he was going to die.

But brighter days were in store for Bill. One morning, to his delight, his mother gave him a new suit, a new pair of shoes and a bright red tie to wear to school. She told him that his father was a very rich man now, and he could go to school in a great big car.

Mary Margaret looked at him in astonishment when he came to school. He paraded up and down the aisle and then sat down to admire his tan shoes. While he was gazing down at them a little piece of paper fell on his desk. It said: "I love you. M. M."

When he turned he saw Mary Margaret beaming upon him. He deliberately chewed the note and hit the boy sitting next to him with it.





A CORNER IN THE ART ROOM

Art Class



MISS BAGBY

BESSIE BRUCE

MISS DRANE

CARRIE DURHAM

MISS GROTE

ELIZABETH HAMPTON

KATHLEEN KENNEDY

ZELMA KING

VIRGINIA MAY

MISS PEARSON

RUTH PORTER

JANIE PORTER

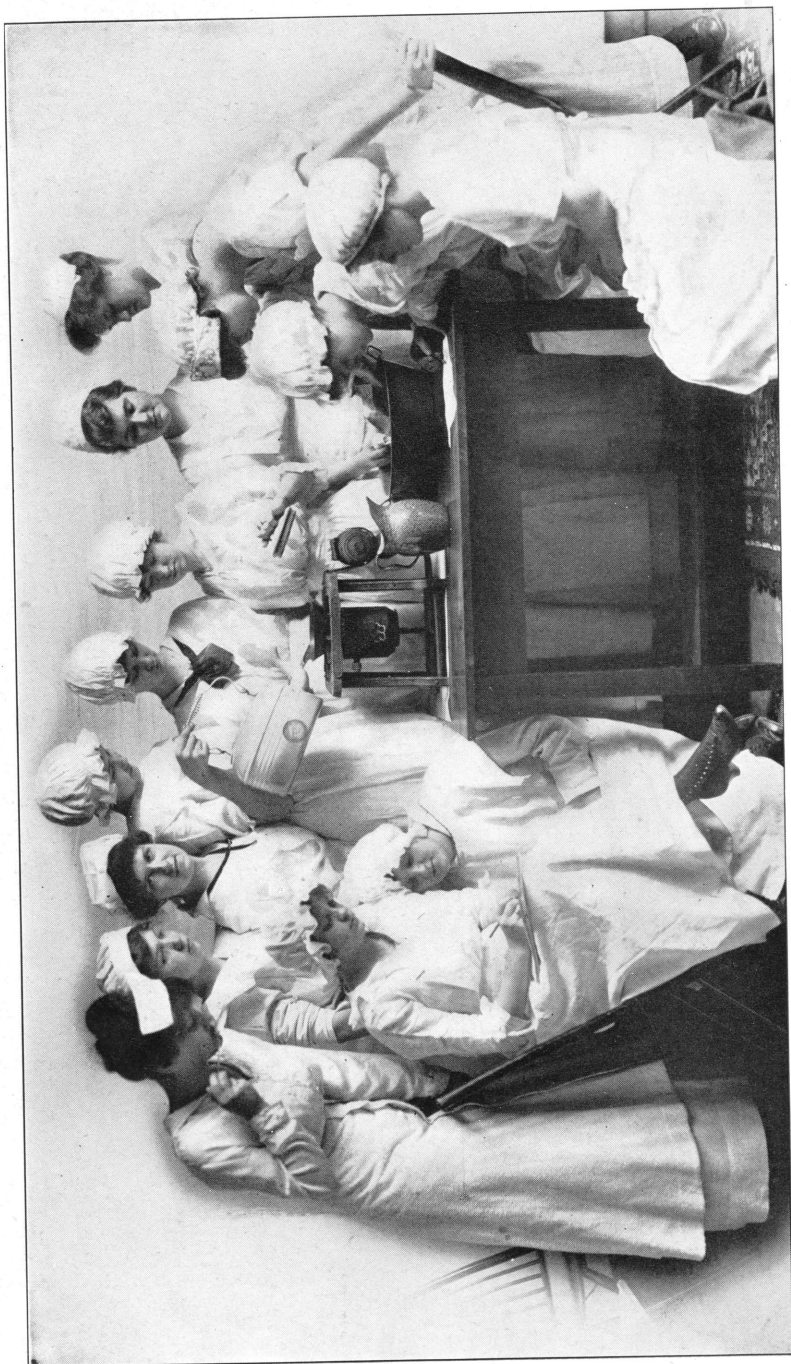
LILLIAN POWELL

CLARISSA RAGSDALE

MARGARET RAGSDALE

ELLEN SMITHSON

ELIZABETH WILSON



DOMESTIC SCIENCE CLASS

Domestic Science

DONNA BRUCE
MAI CONATSER
LOUISE FORGEY
EMMA FAIRES
BONA GATLIN
MARY GRISSIM
LUCILE HERIGES
SARAH LANIUS

WILLA MAY
ELIZABETH MORAN
MARY W. OLIVER
RUTH PORTER
SINA RUSSELL
ADELAIDE STEVENSON
BONNIE C. SIMPSON
LOUISE TIPTON
MARGARET WALLACE

Domestic Art

DONNA BRUCE
MAI CONATSER
MARY K. DOUGLASS
LOUISE FORGEY
EMMA FAIRES
BONA GATLIN
MARY GRISSIM
LUCILE HERIGES
SARAH LANIUS
WILLA MAY

ELIZABETH MORAN
MARY NEWMAN
MARY W. OLIVER
RUTH PORTER
SINA RUSSELL
MARY ROGERS
ADELAIDE STEVENSON
BONNIE C. SIMPSON
MARGARET WALLACE

Commercial Class

MOTTO: "Make yourself necessary to the world and mankind will
give you bread."

MRS. CANNON, *President*

LURA BRIDGES
WILLIE CHAPMAN
RUTH ESLICK
MARGARET GILLIAM

SALLIE B. HOLT
IRENE PAGE
BONNIE CLARA SIMPSON
BESSIE SISK

The Troubles of a School Girl

At night when I am studying
These hard old lessons through,
Trying to read my Cicero,
Or some Geometry do,
I wish that I were something else,
It doesn't matter what,
But I don't want to be a schoolgirl,
Her's is a pitiful lot.

When I try to learn my French,
Then I even go to sleep,
My eyes just won't stay open,
These lessons are all so deep;
But when it comes to English,
Oh, my! it's such a dose;
I say, "I'll study you tomorrow,"
And I always do of 'cose!

ALMA GARRETT.

Rats

Rats are mean old things,
I hate them everyone;
Not a thing will ever kill them,
Not even a good shot-gun.

They chew up everything they find,
And my, they are such gluttons;
I go to find my prettiest gown,
And, instead, I find the buttons.

Can you blame us all one bit
For jumping on the beds?
When we see from every corner
Rats sticking out their heads?

For heaven's sake! deliver me
From such naughty little beasts,
Not until all the rats are dead
Will our screams and jumping cease.



Y. W. C. A. CABINET



Y. W. C. A.

Y. W. C. A. Cabinet

COLORS: Green and White.

FLOWER: Carnation.

Officers

EURIE COVINGTON	<i>President</i>
EMMA FAIRES	<i>Vice President</i>
SINA RUSSELL	<i>Secretary</i>
LOIS PEARCE	<i>Treasurer</i>
SADIE SMITH	<i>Asst. Treasurer</i>

Chairmen of Committees

EDITH HOOPER.	<i>Music Committee</i>
BESSIE CHENAULT	<i>Asst. Music Committee</i>
LOIS PEARCE	<i>Finance Committee</i>
SINA RUSSELL	<i>Association News Committee</i>
MARY CLARKE JONES	<i>Social Committee</i>
LIZZIE WILSON	<i>Missionary Committee</i>
MAE CONATSER	<i>Religious Committee</i>
EMMA FAIRES	<i>Membership Committee</i>
BONNIE SIMPSON	<i>Room Committee</i>
MRS. C. C. CANNON	<i>Advisory Committee</i>

Y. W. C. A.



Roll

ELIZABETH ABERNATHY
ELISE ARROWSMITH
MABEL BOULDIN
MISS BRADFORD
LURA BRIDGES
EMMA FAIRES
IWA LEE BROWN
EDWINA GAINES
BESSIE BURKHALTER
MARY GARNER
RUTH BURROWS
MARGARET GILLIAM
MRS. CANNON
ESSIE GRAVES
NELLIE CARVER
MARY GRISSIM
MILDRED CAREY
LELL GROTE
BESSIE CHENAULT
WILMA GARRETT
WILLA MAE COLLINS
PATTI HARWELL
SARAH CORBAN
LOUISE HARVILL
LUCILLE DAVIS
SARAH LANIUS
LUCILLE HERIGES
KATIE DAY
MYRTLE MCCrackEN
EDITH HOOPER
MIRIAM DRANE
PEARL MCCrackEN
ALICE HUNERWADEL
RUTH MINCEY
LYNETTE JONES
MARTHA MONTGOMERY
MARY CLARKE JONES
ANITA MOORE
BESSIE LEE KEATHLY
FANNIE MAY OFFICER
ANNALEE KELLUM
IRENE PAGE
RUTH PORTER
BESSIE SISK
LOIS PEARCE
SADIE SMITH
HELEN PHELAN
ELLEN SMITHSON
ALICE POINDEXTER
SADIE STENBECK
SARAH REED
PAULINE STEPHENS
SINA RUSSELL
ADELAIDE STEVENSON
MINNIE SHIPP
TOM SUTTON
MISS ELMA SHOOK
CARRIE TATUM
BONNIE CLARA SIMPSON
LOUISE TIPTON
FLORA TODD
MISS LUCILE TURNER
ANICE WARD
GLADYS WATTS
MARY ELLEN WILLIAMS
LIZZIE WILSON
MARY WOOD

Phi Kappa Literary Society



Officers

PRESIDENT

First Term—Edith Hooper.
Second Term—Edith Hooper.

VICE PRESIDENT

First Term—Bessie Sisk.
Second Term—Eurie Covington.

SECRETARY

First Term—Edwina Gaines.
Second Term—Edwina Gaines

TREASURER

First Term—Nelle Turner.
Second Term—Nelle Turner.

PIANIST

First Term—Louise Harvill.
Second Term—Louise Harvill.

CRITIC

First Term—Eurie Covington.
Second Term—Lynette Jones.

CHAPLAIN

First Term—Bonnie Clare Simpson.

Second Term—Kathleen Tompkins.

MARSHALS

First Term—Bessie Chenault, Anice Ward.

Second Term—Ruth Burrows, Mary Grissim.

PROGRAM COMMITTEE

First Term—Tommye Sutton, Willa May, Lillian Powell, Bessie Lee Keathly, Patti Harwell, Sina Russell.

Second Term—Bessie Sisk, Bona Gatlin, Myrtle McCracken, Margarette Gilham, Clarissa Ragsdale.



PHI KAPPA LITERARY SOCIETY

Phi Kappa Literary Society



Roll

ELISE ARROWSMITH	LOUISE HARVILL	ALICE POINDEXTER
MARGARETTE ALEXANDER	KATHERINE HARRIS	CLARISSA RAGSDALE
NELLE BIRDSONG	ELIZABETH HAMPTON	MARY LAMBUTH RAGSDALE
MABEL BOULDIN	FRANCIS HAMPTON	MARY ROGERS
ANNIE BRALY	DORA HOLMES	BEATRICE ROBERTS
PEARL BREECE	EDITH HOOPER	SINA RUSSELL
SADYE BREWER	IRENE HUNTER	WILLIE MAE SEAY
BESSIE BURKHALTER	ALICE HUNERWADEL	KATHERINE SEDBERRY
WILLIE CHAPMAN	MARY LOUISE JARVIS	BONNIE CLARE SIMPSON
BESSIE CHENAULT	LYNETTE JONES	BESSIE SISK
MAE CONATSER	LAURA JOSLIN	MINNIE SHIPP
WILLA MAE COLLINS	BESSIE LEE KEATHLY	FREDA SKILLERN
WILLIE COBBS	LOUISE KERSEY	ELLEN SMITHSON
SARAH CORBAN	MILDRED KING	KATHERINE STORY
EURIE COVINGTON	LUCY KNOX	ALMA SMITH
CLAIRE CHITWOOD	SARAH LANIUS	TOMMYE SUTTON
LUCILLE DAVIS	REBEKAH MAY	PAULINE STEVENS
CARRIE DURHAM	ANNIE MADRAY	GRACE TAYLOR
LOUISE DUNN	MYRTLE MCCrackEN	CARRIE TATUM
WALDINE DUNN	PEARL MCCrackEN	RUBY TIDWELL
MARY K. DOUGLASS	ELIZABETH MORAN	LOUISE TIPTON
GERTRUDE EDMUNDSON	RUTH MINCEY	KATHLEEN TOMPKINS
WILLIE FERGUSON	MARTHA MONTGOMERY	NELLE TURNER
JESSIE FERGUSON	MAURINE MURRAY	CARLYNE VAUGHN
EMMA FAIRES	MARY NEWMAN	IRENE VAUGHN
LOUISE FORGEY	AILEEN NEELY	KATHERINE WADE
EDWINA GAINES	LILLIAN NEAL	ANICE WARD
BONA GATLIN	GYPSY OAKES	MARGARETTE WALLACE
BEATRICE GALLAHER	IRENE PAGE	SAMELLA WALLACE
MARY GARNER	EDITH PAISLEY	GLADYS WATTS
MARY GRISSIM	BEATRICE PAISLEY	MARY ELLEN WILLIAMS
MARGARETTE GILLIAM	HELEN PHELAN	MILDRED WILLIAMS
ESSIE GRAVES	LILLIAN POWELL	CALLIE WILLIAMS
CLELLIE HARWELL	PAULINE POWELL	LUCILLE WOOD
PATTI HARWELL	RUTH PORTER	ELIZABETH YANCEY
	REBEKAH PORTER	



PHILOSOPHIAN LITERARY SOCIETY

Philosophian Society



MOTTO: "Quality, not Quantity."

COLORS: Green and White.

FLOWER: White Carnation.

Officers

PRESIDENT

First Term—Lizzie Wilson.
Second Term—Lizzie Wilson.

SECRETARY

First Term—Annie Ruth Lee.
Second Term—Elizabeth Abernathy.

PIANIST

First Term—Mary Wood.
Second Term—Mary Wood.

CHAPLAIN

First Term—Nelle Carver.
Second Term—Annie Ruth Lee.

PROGRAM COMMITTEE

First Term—Lois Pearce, Adelaide Stevenson, Pauline Shearin.
Second Term—Sammie Smith, Mary Clarke Jones, Anne Abernathy.

VICE PRESIDENT

First Term—Sammie Smith.
Second Term—Pauline Shearin.

TREASURER

First Term—Margarette Ragdale.
Second Term—Margarette Ragdale.

CRITICS

First Term—Anne Abernathy and Zelma King.
Second Term—Lura Bridges, Adelaide Stevenson.

MARSHALS

First Term—Alma Garrett, Mildred Cary.
Second Term—Sarah Reed, Zelma King.

Members

ANNE ABERNATHY

ELIZABETH ABERNATHY

LURA BRIDGES

IVA LEE BROWN

NELLE CARVER

MILDRED CARY

KATY DAY

ALMA GARRETT

WILMA GARRETT

REVIS HARDY

ORLEAN HOLT

MARY INGRAM

MARY CLARKE JONES

ANNIE LEE KELLUM

ZELMA KING

ANNIE RUTH LEE

MAGGIE EMILINE LEE

VIRGINIA MAY

RUTH MATTHEWS

CARRIE DEE MCCLAIN

ANNA BELLE MCMILLION

ANITA MOORE

FANNIE MAE OFFICER

AILEEN OWENS

LOIS PEARCE

MARGARETTE RAGSDALE

RUBY RANDOLPH

SARAH REED

PAULINE SHEARIN

SAMMIE SMITH

SADYE SMITH

SADYE STENBECK

ADELAIDE STEVENSON

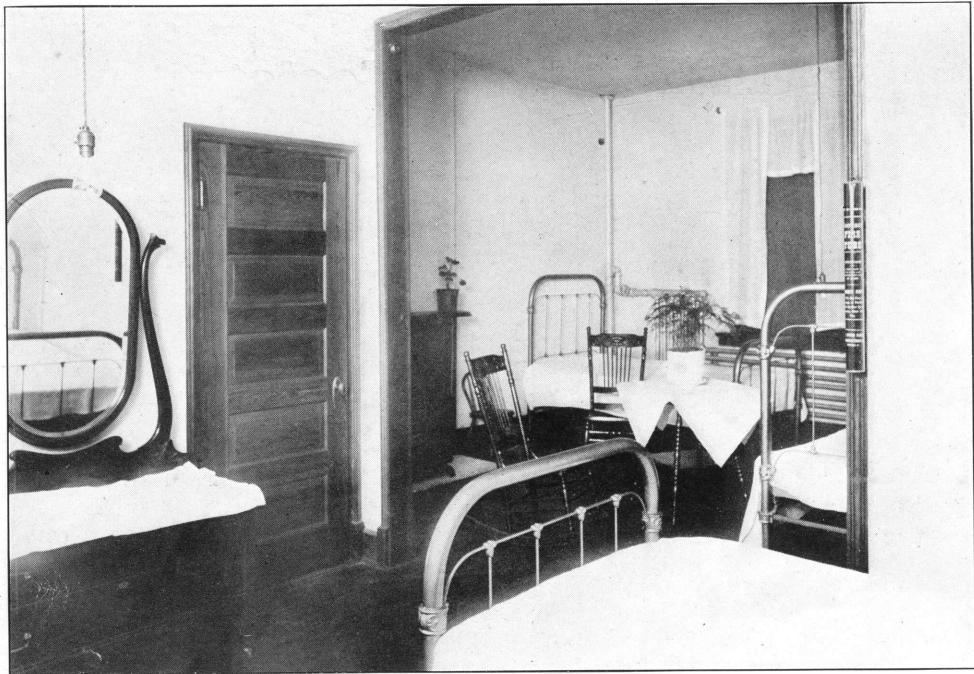
BETTIE SUE STORY

BUENA VISTA WALL

VASHITI WILLIAMS

LIZZIE WILSON

MARY WOOD



A CORNER OF THE INFIRMARY



A BED ROOM

Martin Locals

School opened on September 18, 1914, with the most promising prospects in the history of the school. Our enrollment is larger than it has ever been. Student Self-Government has been put into practice and for the most part has proven successful.

In the fall a "picnic" holiday was given to the students. Each class went to the woods and spent the afternoon. We jumped ditches, took pictures, and cooked supper in camp-fire fashion. "This is the life for mine."

The Thanksgiving holiday was greatly enjoyed by both the faculty and the student body. We had only one holiday and consequently most of the boarding girls remained in the school.

The big "turkey dinner" was given in banquet style, Miss Mason being toastmistress. In the afternoon at three o'clock the school went in a body to the Massey-Greene football game, the last of the season. In the evening, from 8 to 11 o'clock, Mr. and Mrs. Wynn entertained the girls and Massey, as well as town boys, at a reception given in the beautiful new Tennessee Hall.

Prof. Wynn and the faculty were so well pleased with the success of the day that they have promised us (if we will remind them) two days holiday on next Thanksgiving season. This is a gentle reminder.

The second year Domestic Science Class entertained for Mr. and Mrs. Wynn with a delightfully planned luncheon in honor of their twelfth wedding anniversary. The family of Mr. Wynn, the faculty, and the first year Domestic Science class were guests. The class proved to be properly trained.

March 26, 1915, the Martin girls gave a reception in Tennessee Hall for the "boys on the hill," as well as a large number of town boys. Games were enjoyed and refreshments served in the dining room, which was beautifully decorated in the color scheme—purple and gold.

The Winter Chautauqua attractions have been greatly enjoyed by the students and teachers this winter. There were five attractions.

The play, "Parody on Romeo and Juliet," given by the Junior Class on Thursday evening, March 18, in Martin Auditorium, was witnessed by a large audience. About \$35 was realized.

Mr. and Mrs. Wynn entertained for the Seniors on Friday evening, March 19, at their home. Music was enjoyed and refreshments served, after which all went to the Methodist Church to hear a lecture given by Dr. W. B. Taylor on the subject, "The Philosophy of Eucken."

Roller skates and full skirts are the latest styles at Martin.



J. U. S. Club



RUTH BURROWS

WILLIE MAE SEAY

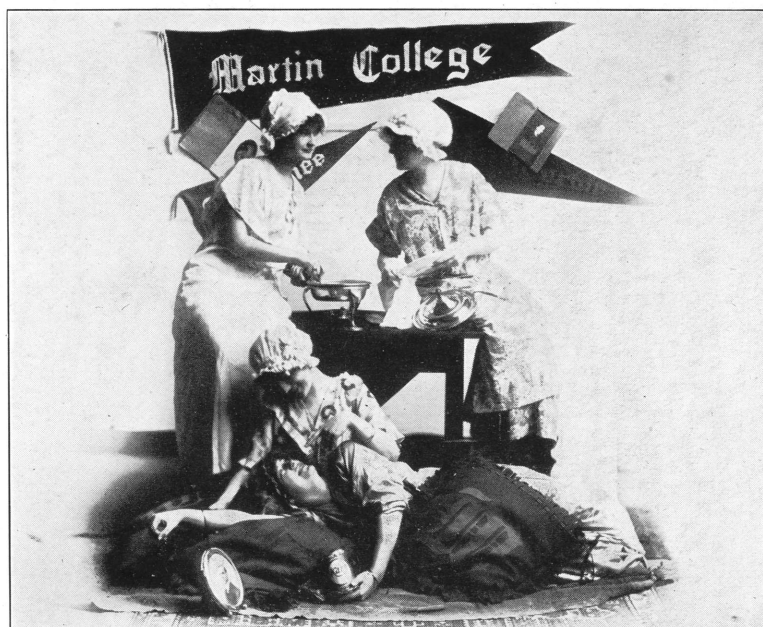
SINA RUSSELL

KATHLEEN TOMPKINS

MARGARET GILLIAM

MARY GRISSIM

BONA GATLIN



T. H. F. of M. C. J. Club



MOTTO: "Eat all in sight and yearn for 'Moore.'"

FAVORITE HANG OUT: Cell 46, "Tenn." Hall.

	<i>Nickname</i>	<i>Pet expression</i>
SARAH LANIUS	—"Joe" . .	Help! Assistance! Murder!
GERTRUDE EDMUNDSON	—"Gert" . .	Law, Save the King!
MARY NEWMAN	—"Georgia" .	We are having ourselves one time.
KATHERINE SEDBERRY	—"Kittie" .	As it were.



The Ouija Club



TIME: Future.

MOTTO: "Ask Ouija."

EURIE COVINGTON	"Sis"—"Old Pill."
EDWINA GAINES	Winna—"The Mischief."
EDITH HOOPER	Pig—"Good-night."
BESSIE LEE KEATHLY	Doc—"Goodness."
LOUISE HARVILL	Happy—"Ah, Sho 'Nuff."
PAULINE SHEARIN	Babe—"My Soul."

According to Ouija

Sis —A postmistress will be,	Happy—A parson will marry,
Babe —Ditto sisters, you see.	Winna—In the mountains will tarry,
Doc —A minister's wife? No.	And we six inseparable will be,
Pig —Well, a banker's her beau.	Whether at home or o'er the sea.



Cozy Corner Club



MOTTO: "Can't Live on Love Alone." PASS WORD: Lights Low, Please.

"Lady of Leisure"	CARRIE DURHAM
"Sweet Un"	IRENE HUNTER
"Mountain of Head Flesh"	SARAH REED
"Clumsy T"	TOMMYE SUTTON
"Slim Jim"	GLADYS WATTS



Six Fudges



BEATRICE GALLAHER
ALICE POINDEXTER
HELEN PHELAN

FREDA SKILLERN
MARY LOUISE JARVIS
CATHERINE STORY



B. T. E.



SAMMIE SMITH
SAMILLA WALLACE
ANNE ABERNATHY
CLAIRE CHITWOOD

LILLIAN POWELL
MARGARET RAGSDALE
PAULINE POWELL
ANNIE RUTH LEE

Loraine



LORAINÉ was happy, perfectly happy, she said, as she sat before her dressing table adding the finishing touches to her toilet. As she talked her brown eyes danced and her face glowed with excitement.

"I'm just crazy to get started," she said. "When I applied for a school, I said I didn't care where it was, just so I could teach, and I think they have taken me at my word, for the name of the place sounds forsaken, doesn't it?" And she laughed happily.

The school which had been placed in her charge was at a little lumber camp called Lonesome, situated about twelve miles from her home town, in the very wildest part of the mountains. It was enough to discourage anyone, and especially a young girl fresh from college, but it appealed to Loraine's romantic temperament.

Promptly at 5 o'clock Robert Weston called for her. He had proposed driving her to the school. As they drove along the picturesque mountain road, Robert grew sentimental, but that was not unusual for him. He proposed to her every time he saw her, for she was just the kind of girl he admired, but she would promise him nothing. When they reached the home of Mrs. Strong—the lady with which she was to board—Robert took both her hands in his own. "Please write to me, Loraine, will you?" he asked tenderly.

"Of course I'll write to you, Bob, and you must write to me and tell me all about the things happening at home and about your practice, and I'll write you all about my school and—"

"Oh, hang the school," he interrupted; "I don't care for the school. I don't love it, but I do care for you. Try to love me, even a hundredth as much as I love you."

"I'll try, Bob," she whispered.

As he turned back down the mountain road, he looked back at her through a mist of tears. She looked so beautiful standing there in the gateway all alone. But he quickly brushed the tears away—he would be a man—he would make his name honored among men of his profession that she might

share his success. He had just finished his last year in a medical college and was beginning to practice in his home town. Already the people were beginning to respect and trust him.

But while Robert was driving down the mountain planning his future, Loraine was having trouble with the present. Her suitcase was heavy, and she was lonesome there in the wild mountains. Oh, how she wished for Bob.

"Let me help you with that suitcase," said a voice behind her. She turned to see a tall, handsome man entering the gate, and she no longer felt lonely, for his honest blue eyes were the friendliest she had ever seen.

"You are the new teacher, I believe. Well, I'm David Strong, and this is my home—and my mother," he added, as a dear little woman with sweet blue eyes like those of the boy came down the path. She took Loraine in her arms and kissed her.

"Honey, I'm so glad you come. I was afraid when they told me I was to board the new teacher that she'd be some stiff educated old maid, but you don't look a bit that-a-way," she said, as she took Loraine to her room.

"Thank you, Mrs. Strong, and I want to tell you that I'm glad I have such a nice place to board; I just know I shall love it."

The room to which the old lady led Loraine was a tiny one, breathing of roses and mountain flowers. There were only two windows, but there was no room for more. One was completely covered with roses, which peeped in through the broken panes and filled the room with their fragrance. The other window was open, giving a glimpse of the valley below, and, in the distance, the opposite mountains. Mrs. Strong left her alone, and went out into the kitchen to prepare dinner.

"Ain't she the sweetest thing, son?" she said, as she saw David sitting on the doorstep looking dreamily out over the valley. When he did not answer, she repeated her question.

"Yes," he answered, hesitatingly.

"Why, what's the matter, boy? You don't say it like you mean it. Don't you like her? You looked at her like you could most eat her up."

He was wide awake at this, and his day dream quickly vanished.

"Aw, I didn't look that way did I mother?" he asked in boyish embarrassment.

He picked up an empty bucket. "I'm going after some water," he called back over his shoulder as he disappeared down the honeysuckle-arbores path.

Mrs. Strong dropped the knife with which she was paring potatoes. "What on earth can be ailin' that boy," she exclaimed; "he jest while ago brought enough water to do all day." Just at that moment Loraine came into the room, and the old lady quickly picked up her knife, ashamed that she had been found idle.

"Can I do anything to help you?" asked the girl, as she took a large apron from a chair and began tying it on.

"Lawsy, no, honey, you musn't do that. I'm used to doin' it and I don't mind," protested Mrs. Strong. But the girl insisted, and when David came back from the spring he found her with the big apron on paring potatoes as if it were the most fascinating work on earth. He had regained his composure, but soon lost it again. When he looked at Loraine he felt his heart-beat quicken and was conscious that he had on neither tie nor coat. After dinner Loraine helped Mrs. Strong with the dishes. When they had finished she went out into the backyard with her and helped trim roses. While they worked the older woman talked of her son. She told how he had worked and saved enough to pay his way through college without calling on his widowed mother for a cent. After receiving his degree, he had come back to the mountain, where he had been made superintendent of a large lumber company, and where he owned a fertile farm. From his mother's talk Loraine learned that David Strong was no ordinary man, although quiet and unassuming in his ways, he was a man of unusual mental abilities and very successful financially.

The roses were well cared for, so it was a pleasure to work with them.

"Now ain't this a lovely one," said Mrs. Strong, as she carefully cut a large, almost perfectly-formed rose, and gave it to the girl. "It's hard to tell which I'm the thankfuller for, my roses or my boy." She said it laughingly, but there was a deep, tender note in her laughter that told better than words which was the dearer to her old mother heart.

At sunset David came home, tired and hot; but as soon as he had bathed and removed his work clothes for a neat summer suit he went out on the porch where his mother and Loraine were. They planned Loraine's school year, and Mrs. Strong told them stories of the mountain folk. David was silent. He sat back in the shadow of the rose-rambler which covered the porch and watched the face of the girl. The moonlight streaming down on her golden hair surrounded her with a kind of halo, which made her sweet childish face look as pure and perfect as an angel's to the admiring eyes of the boy. When it grew late, they went into the house, but the old lady was the only one blest with sleep. The girl in her "Rose-room," as she called it, dropped down on her knees by the open window and gazed

down on the valley below, bathed in the pure moonlight. She remained there nearly an hour, thinking of Bob, and what he had said coming up the mountain. She believed he loved her, and she smiled happily; she knew she loved him.

In the room across the hall there was another window open, but the figure which sat before it did not look toward the valley, but to the sky. And as he watched the stars twinkle so high above him he thought of the girl. He had known her but a day, but Cupid is a quick and shrewd worker, and it often takes less time than a day for him to draw his bow and send his dart, piercing the heart of some helpless mortal.

A year has passed. Loraine still teaches in the little school in the mountains. She loves her work and her pupils, and nothing can make her leave them. Many things have happened since first she came to the mountains. Robert's promised letters have not been coming as often as they once did; she has not seen him in seven months, nor even heard from him in five. When he first began to be careless and indifferent it grieved her, but now—and she could give no reason for it—it did not worry her at all. Of course she wondered why he never wrote, but she was so happy here with Mrs. Strong and her roses that she didn't bother her pretty head with it. But today there was something in store for her, for the postman came down the road waving a white envelope. When he had given it to her she went to the rose arbor to read it. David came up as she finished reading it, but she did not see him. She let the pages fall carelessly to the ground and laid her head over on her arm on the back of the bench.

"What's the matter, little school ma'am?" David asked tenderly. When she heard his voice she slowly raised her head.

"I'm not crying, David," she said; "I was just thinking. Where is my letter? I want you to read it." David gathered up the scattered sheets of stationery and handed them back to her.

"Please read it, David," she pleaded.

When he saw who it was from he hesitated, but the appealing look in her eyes made him overcome his pride and read it, and this is what he read:

"Dear Loraine: A fellow might as well 'fess up' and take his scolding, I guess. What would you say should you receive a letter from me telling you that I was married? Well, this is the letter and I am the guy. Do you remember that I wrote you of meeting a girl by the name of Wortham? Well, she consented to have me and I am as happy as a lark. We want you to visit us this summer if you can manage to leave the 'backwoods' long

enough, but we'll write about that later. Give my best regards to all the little 'Woodsers.'

Your old friend,

"BOB."

"Well, little woman," said David, as he gave her back the letter, "what do you think of this fellow, and the flippant way in which he tells you of his marriage?"

"I think it is just like Bob," she answered slowly. "He's a good old fellow, but he has always been that way. I am glad he is happy, and I'm glad I'm not the other girl. Don't laugh, David, 'cause I'm serious. I used to think I loved Bob, but I would not marry him, because I wasn't sure. I am glad I didn't. He did not know how to sympathize with me in my love for the mountains, or he wouldn't have said what he did in this letter about my dear little pupils. But there's no need of my telling you all this, David; I just want to talk to someone about it, and no one seems to sympathize with me and understand as you always do."

"Oh, I'm glad you think so," he said earnestly. "I thought you loved this other man. Now that you have said that you do not, please listen to me. I've loved you, I think, ever since I first saw you; but I thought it was my lot to wait and see you marry Robert. Oh, Loraine! dear little school ma'am, won't you love me? Look at me and tell me so."

And looking into her tender eyes he read his answer.





M. Ragsdale



JUNIOR AND SENIOR BASKET BALL TEAM

Junior and Senior Basket Ball Team



COLORS: Purple and White.

Yell

Rip rah ree!
Rip rah ree!
Juniors and Seniors,
Yes, sir-ree.

Members

MYRTLE MCCrackEN	Center
PEARL MCCrackEN	Substitute
TOMMYE SUTTON	Right Forward
KATHLEEN TOMPKINS	Substitute
EDITH HOOPER	Left Forward
CLARISSA RAGSDALE	Substitute
EDWINA GAINES	Right Guard
LOUISE HARVILL	Left Guard
EURIE COVINGTON	Substitute
BONA GATLIN	Captain



FRESHMAN AND SOPHOMORE BASKET BALL TEAMS

Sophomore Basket Ball Team

MISS GROTE	Coach
MAE CONATSER	Captain and Guard
BONNIE SIMPSON	Center
CARRIE DURHAM	Guard
WILLIE FERGUSON	Forward
ADELAIDE STEVENSON	Forward

Substitutes

ELIZABETH MORAN	RUTH BURROWS
JESSIE FERGUSON	EMMA FAIRES
ELLEN SMITHSON	ESSIE GRAVES

Freshman Basket Ball Team

OUR AIM: Through the Goal. MOTTO: "Make a Hit with the Goal."

COLORS: Blue and White.

MARY ROGERS	Center and Captain
WALDINE DUNN	Guard
SADYE STENBECK	Guard
LILLIAN POWELL	Forward
SADYE SMITH	Forward

Substitutes

GLADYS WATTS	LOUISE FORGEY
MARY NEWMAN	BESSIE BURKHALTER

Yell

Rip-i-ty Rip-i-ty rap,
 Soph stands for Soph.
 Rip-i-ty Rip-i-ty resh,
 Fresh stands for Fresh.
 Fresh and Soph however wise,
 Always give a great surprise.

Tennis Roll



ELIZABETH ABERNATHY

PEARL BREECE

LURA BRIDGES

RUTH BURROWS

SARAH CORBAN

GERTRUDE EDMUNDSON

EMMA FAIRES

ALLEEN NEELY

MARY NEWMAN

LOIS PEARCE

HELEN PHELAN

SARAH REED

MARY ROGERS

SINA RUSSELL

BONA GATLIN

MARY GARNER

EDWINA GAINES

MARY GRISSIM

PATTI HARWELL

ALICE HUNERWADEL

KATHERINE SEDBERRY

TOMMYE SUTTON

KATHERINE STORY

MINNIE SHIPP

ADELAIDE STEVENSON

CARRIE TATUM

ANNIE LEE KELLUM

BESSIE LEE KEATHLY

SARAH LANIUS

MYRTLE MCCrackEN

PEARL MCCrackEN

KATHLEEN TOMKINS

IRENE VAUGHAN

MARY ELLEN WILLIAMS

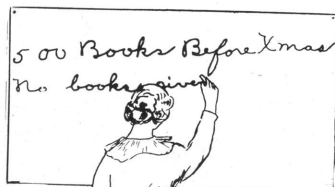
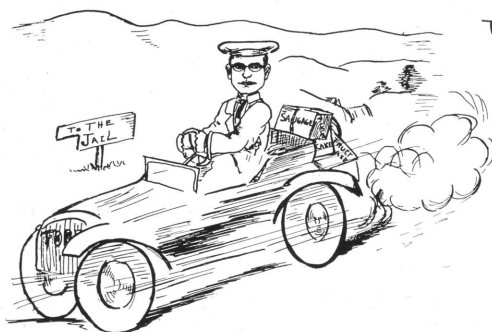
GLADYS WATTS



SENIORS OF 1915



TO CALIFORNIA



M. Ragdale

Jokes



Fresh Freshman—"Did you hear Miss Drane talking about exams. the other day? She said that one girl wrote, 'We bisected a beef's heart;' another, 'We disected a chemical compound;' and a third, 'We bisected the line.'"

Wise Senior—"Well, smartie, they are all correct but the last one."

+

Pres. of Philosophian Society—"All answer roll call with a comic quotation."

Fannie May Officer—"Madam President, I haven't a quotation from Comic, because I couldn't find out who he was."

+

Having witnessed a comic pantomime in society, Fannie Mae was heard to remark, "Wasn't that a funny panama?"

+

Miss Mason (in Trig. Class)—"Does everyone in class understand how to derive the formula?"

Nelle Turner—"No, Miss Mason, I can't deform that rivalry."

+

LOST—In March, somewhere between sunrise and sunset, the Sophomore privileges for which the class spend their walking hour hunting. No reward is offered, but we hope they are not gone forever.

+

When we the Math. room enter,
Fast barred is made the door,
Peace and hope and gladness
Dwell there evermore.

+

"Our greatest glory is not getting to 'call' at Mr. Wynn's office, but in getting to 're-call' every time we call."

+

Pin thy faith to no man's sleeve.

+

It was only a bright red apple,
As he passed along their way,
But it caused Sophs to stay in chapel,
And pass many a sad, sad day.

Latin Rule

In Cæsar or Cicero, whatever the name,
In Virgil or Pliny, it's ever the same;
Whether struggling for knowledge, or scrambling for money,
Let this be your motto: "Rely on your pony."

+

At supper, Tom Sutton passed the biscuit to Sadye Stenbeck.

Sadye—"You take one, Tom."

Tom—"No, you first, my dear Alphonse."

Sadye—"Aw, quit your Shakespeare."

+

Miss Shook—"Well, I saw a brooder today for the first time."

Alice Hunerwadel—"Do you mean a setting hen?"

+

Lois Pearce—"Miss Turner, do you believe the souls and bodies will be united in the resurrection?"

Miss Turner—"Yes, don't you?"

Lois—"Well, I just don't see how they will ever find the right soul to fit the body."

+

Miss Mason—"Eurie, what does 'reciprocal' mean?"

Eurie Covington—"I don't know what it means in Algebra, but in love it means that the one you love loves you."

+

(Extracts from Sub-Freshman essays):

"Monkeys live in big trees and long tails."

"Stevenson died with a peg-leg."

"Henry Hudson discovered the Lake of Champlaine."

"Monkeys have a funny head like a dog. They also have a nose."

+

The class was discussing the relation of the different languages and why we should study them when Mary Grissim made the bright remark, "Miss Bagby, why do you lay such distress on Latin?"

+

W. T. W., Jr. (at breakfast)—"Daddy, what part of cows do you get breakfast bacon from?"

+

M. L. Jarvis—"Miss Shook, was ancient history written before the flood?"

F. G. (scrutinizing his invitation to the reception with the letters *R. S. V. P.* at the bottom)—“Well, I reckon I am going. They say there will be right smart victuals prepared.”

+

Their meeting it was sudden,
Their meeting it was sad;
She gave her dear young life,
The only life she had.
She's sleeping 'neath the willows,
In peace she's resting now;
There's always something doing
When a freight train meets a cow.

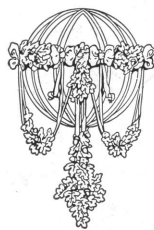
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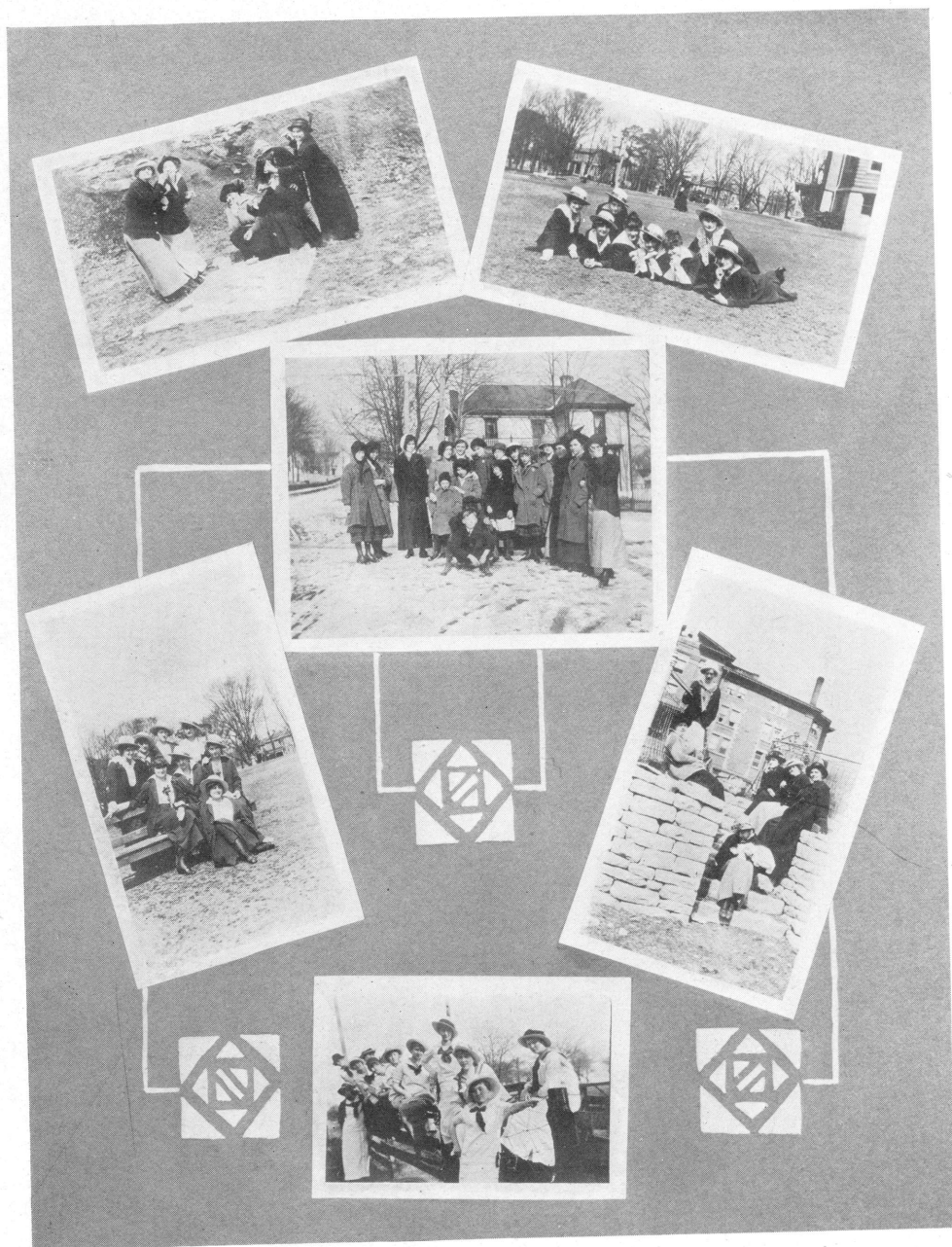
“Well,” said the absent-minded girl as she stood in the bathtub, “What did I come in here for?”

+

At the reception:

Jack (on the stairway)—“If I kiss you will you call for help?”
Fannie M.—“Why, can't you manage it yourself?”





PICNIC SNAPS

My Spring Song



1

The year is all full of the springtime,
The earth is aglow with her green;
Here and there over the hill-tops
The birds and blossom's are seen.

2

The birds in the tree-tops are singing,
They wake us so gently at morn;
Everywhere bluebells are ringing
As each little blossom is born.

3

Our hearts are full of love's rapture,
Of happiness, free from all care;
At the vision of earth's radiant loveliness,
At the springtime scent in the air.

4

Oh, it's good to be living,
To fill every wonderful day;
The joys that nature is giving,
Is strewing along our way.

Famous Sayings of Famous People



Mr. Wynn—"Everybody's doin' it."

Miss Mason—"I'll get you to prove this."

Miss Shook—"Well, I'm not deaf, I reckon."

Miss Bagby—"Well, eh, yes; I think probably—perhaps—maybe."


Miss Bradford—"Rise, girls."

Miss Drane—"Did you read that over before you came to class?"

Miss Pearson—"I may get cross."

Aunt Cindy's Ghost Story



“UT AUNT CINDY, you surely do not believe in ghosts,” we all exclaimed at once. Cousin Belle and I had come to pay Aunt Cindy our weekly visit.

“Well, my dears, you jest wait ’til I get this sweetbread made up; let’s see, a wee pinch of salt, half a cup of sugar, four eggs. Now, that’s all—yes, and it’s going to be so fine. I’ll invite you and Belle to tea this afternoon,” she said smiling in a way that plainly told us she was thinking of other things than sweetbread and tea. “But where was I in my story of the ghost? Really, I’d clear forgot.”

Instead of forgetting Aunt Cindy looked like she was remembering a certain event, connected in some way with a ghost, which caused her dark gray eyes to look dreamingly over the room, as she stood by the small kitchen table, making her sweetbread. It seemed almost a pity to disturb her thoughts, but we knew the afternoon on the mountains were too short for us to waste one minute, and on this particular afternoon we had driven out to see our old friend, who lived four miles from town, on a small farm, with her maid and a few pets. So, as we hesitated to recall her, a distant roar of thunder told us we must at once hear the story and return to our hotel.

Aunt Cindy, ventured Belle, “did you really ever see a ghost? Please tell us about it.”

Aunt Cindy’s old, but nevertheless beautiful eyes, sparkled with pleasure as she was awakened from her dream, which had held her so long. “Why, yes, my dears, if you want me to tell you a *real* ghost story I will be delighted—and it’s a *true* one, too.” She paused a few moments.

“When George and I first came to live on the mountains in East Tennessee there weren’t any railroads, stores, shops, near neighbors; we were four miles from the nearest settlement, which boasted a store. Soon after we got settled to house-keepin’ the death of my sister in Middle Tennessee thrust upon us the care of her only child, a beautiful girl, only fifteen, with big brown eyes and brown curls. She was a picture, and we soon became attached to her, in fact, we loved her from the first, as we had no children of our own.

“Mollie—that was her name—Mollie Martin, had gone to school, and was quite advanced to her age; though she had her head set on finishing her education. There was a good school at Perry, fifteen miles from us, and

we let her go there and board in the schoolmaster's home. She did well with her work, but at a party once she met John Lane, whom she married three years later. It was a beautiful courtship, and they got along nicely together, because they were so devoted to each other.

"Soon after their marriage they came to spend the summer with George and me, and 'twas while they were here that we noticed John begin to act distant toward us all, except his young and beautiful wife. To her he showed even greater devotion than ever before. We knew that something was wrong, and at last he came in one fine day in June, and told us he had to leave us; was summoned to join a group of soldiers. The Civil War was just starting, and he must serve his country.

"The day came at last and he went away. Oh! how our poor Mollie suffered at the separation, though she hid her suffering 'til he was gone; then she only held up a few days 'til she was past leaving her room, and one morning I went to the door and called her, but she did not answer, and when I went into the room I found her sleeping—sleeping the sleep from which there is no waking."

Old Aunt Cindy's tender eyes glistened, and her voice was shaky, yet she continued without stopping:

"We buried our darling in the old family graveyard on the hill, only a few hundred yards from the house. George and I missed her more than I can tell.

"One night the following winter we heard a sound in the front hall, and when we went to see what it could be, we were startled to see our own Mollie, carrying a candle, and in the little white dressing gown she had worn the morning John went away. She was enterin' her own room. We followed to the door. She put the candle on her dressing table, and searched through the drawers, then through her trunk.

"George and I stood in the doorway and watched every movement. Suddenly a sad expression came over her face; she was disappointed in her search, and I whispered to George that she looked like she did when she told John goodbye. Only a few minutes longer and she swept past me into the night.

"George and I retired to our rooms. He then told me of leaving the hall doors unlocked that evening, which wasn't the usual way of doin' things. The next night I persuaded him to leave the doors unlocked again, for I thought Mollie would come back 'til she found what she was lookin' for. George only smiled at me, and said it was a pleasure and comfort to have the dear child come back again, even to get one look at her.

"That night the unusual shuffle of little feet told us that Mollie was in the hall. We watched her again, and to our astonishment she went through

the search of the previous night. It pained me to see the sad face again, just before she left us.

"Well, we watched our darlin' every night for nearly a year, and during that time we hadn't heard a word of John. I told George he would be bound to come back to Mollie, for he didn't know she was dead. And he did come back, ridin' a fine horse, and wearing a pretty blue uniform, all trimmed with brass buttons; and I'll tell you he looked fine and handsome 'til we told him of Mollie's goin' away, and then he became hollow-eyed, looked older and seemed broken down and helpless. He couldn't eat the good supper which Jane had prepared, and after telling us of the hardship and all that he had suffered while he was away, to save his country, it dawned upon me that he was a captain, but of course George knew it all the time—the poor lad had won fame and honor, and now had no one to share it with him.

"After he retired for the night in Mollie's room, George and I waited for Mollie. I knew she would come, and she did. This time she put the candle on the table, went to the mantle and took from it a small picture of John, framed in gold, and clasping it to her heart walked from the room, her countenance beaming with joy. She had found the object of her search.

"Tears rolled down my cheeks as I looked at her, for I realized it would be the last time—she wouldn't visit us again—poor child. When we called John for breakfast next morning he didn't answer, and we knew the rest. He lies beside Mollie on the hill."

Here the poor soul paused and began her dream once more of those long ago days, and Belle and I brushed the tears from our eyes as we slipped from the room and to our carriage, leaving Aunt Cindy with her dream undisturbed.



JOLLY PICNIC PARTIES

The Song of an Alumna



Backward, turn backward,
Oh time in your flight,
And take me to Old Martin
As it was at last sight.

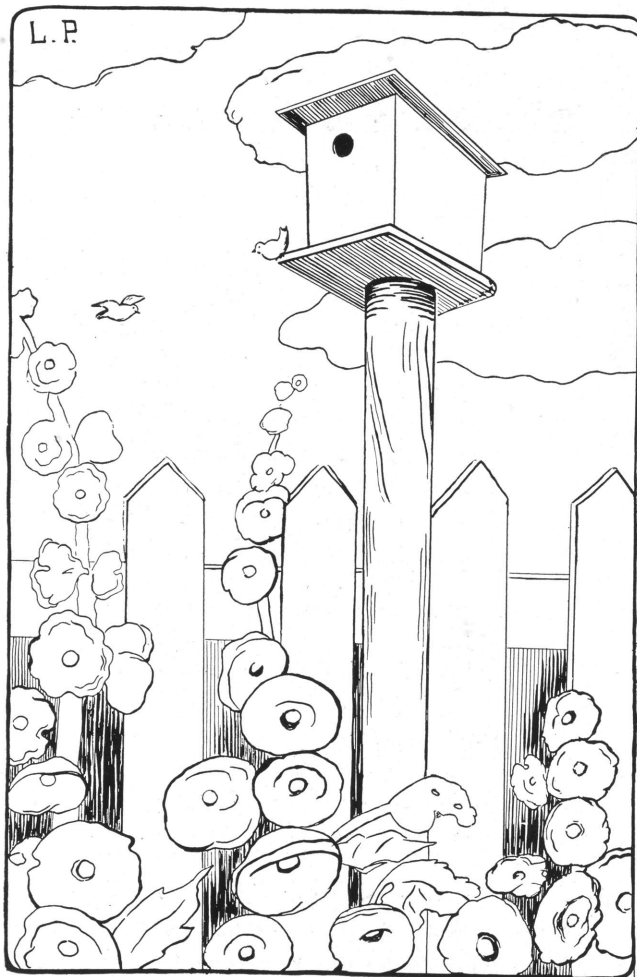
The two brick buildings
And the campus so small—
Yes, it all comes back to me
As the memories I recall.

It hardly seems real
That such a wonderful change
Could come to our "Martin"
'Tis so new and strange.

But we're proud of our college,
And we're glad it has grown
In the years of our absence,
In the years that have flown.

We love the great buildings
With their towering walls,
And we view with delight
The massive new halls.

A. G.



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